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NOVEMBER 23, 1932

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The BYSTANDER

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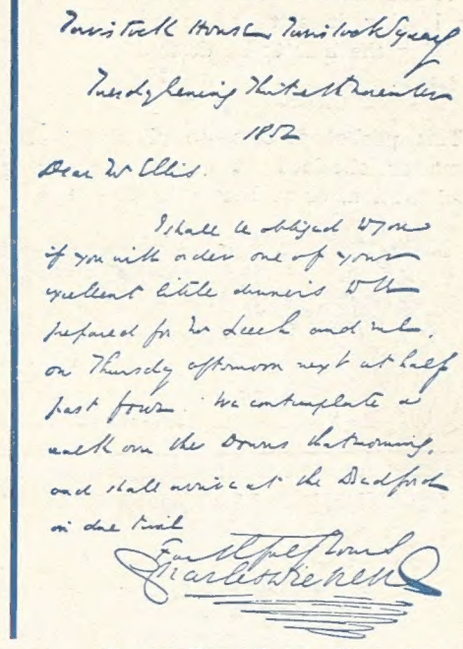

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The Bystander, November 23, 1932

No. 1510. Vol. CXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

MISS BARBARA HUTTON

A new photograph of the lovely American heiress, who has been staying in London this autumn. Rumours of Miss Barbara Hutton's engagement are almost as rife as they are of Royal engagements. She is the heiress to the Woolworth millions, and is said to be the second richest girl in the world

Spotting Winners

At the Cheltenham November Meeting

Left: Mrs. Reginald Sheffield and Lady Fiona Fuller, who is Sir John Fuller's wife, in the paddock

Left: Mrs. Cripps was wearing a fur-lined leather coat to keep the piercing Cheltenham wind out; she is with Major Ireland

Above: Major "Rattle" Barrett watching his selection perform; with him are Mrs. Tony Bellville, Lady Sibell and Lady Dorothy Lygon

Above: Two shooting-stick experts conferring together: Miss Esmé Churchill and Mr. Barrington Browne

Above: Lady Anne Hope, whose racing uniform—a short fur coat and a check skirt—is very neat

Right: Mrs. Walter Unwin, talking to Sir Alfred Slade, who came over from Highley, his place in Worcestershire

Left: Three more steeplechasing enthusiasts who were at Cheltenham for the jump meeting last week: Mrs. Huntriss, Lady Sybil Phipps and Mr. Bob Everett

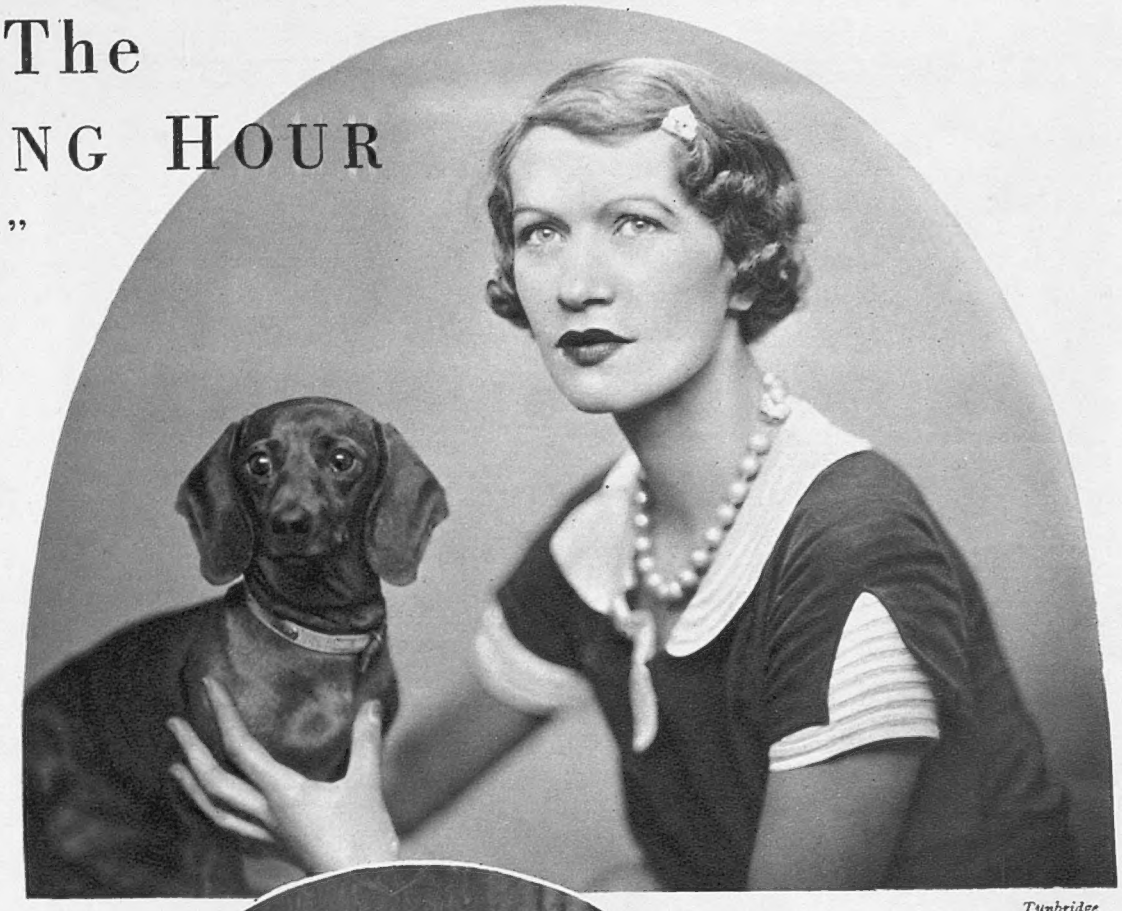
The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

AND still they come—these engagements. And several more are due. I had known of Lady Joan Villiers's romance nearly a fortnight ago, and wondered how long she and Mr. David Colville would manage to keep it out of the newspapers. She is one of the most charming girls in London, with her red-gold hair, and grows prettier every day. Mr. Colville is a very lucky man. I gather that they are likely to get married in January. The only difficulty of this is the choice of a place for the honeymoon.

MISS WHIGHAM had hoped to keep her engagement secret at least until her birthday, on December 1, when she will be twenty and will celebrate it with a large party. Mr. Charles Sweeney's devotion has been very apparent for the last few weeks. Meantime, he is working very hard at the Charterhouse Investment Trust. At least he is rewarded by not having gone back to Oxford and taken over the Captaincy of the University golf team. His brother, Bob, is still in America, I believe, with Mr. John de Forest.

MISS BARBARA HUTTON was undoubtedly very unwise on her birthday party last week to show herself,



Tunbridge

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran

Above: Mrs. Barran took Snoopie, her dachshund, with her to her latest camera appointment. Her husband is Sir John Barran's eldest son, and is passenger manager to the White Star Line; they were married three years ago

Left: Lady Joan Villiers, the elder of the Earl of Jersey's two sisters, and Mr. David Colville, whose engagement was announced last week. Mr. David Colville is the eldest son of the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville. Lady Joan Villiers's mother is Lady Cynthia Slessor; her father, the late Lord Jersey, died in 1923

Alfieri, Jnr.

Miss Diana Van den Bergh

Left: Miss Diana Van den Bergh and her dog were photographed while calling on her grandfather, Mr. Henry Van den Bergh, at his house in Kensington Palace Gardens. She was one of the débutantes of last summer, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh

Miss Margaret Whigham and Mr. Charles Sweeny, the American amateur golfer, announced their engagement last week, having been denying it up to the last moment

first at Quaglino's and then at the Café de Paris, with a large square-cut ruby ring on the engagement finger. No wonder people talked and an astute flashlight photographer took a pop at her as she danced round the floor. Miss Whigham and Mr. Sweeny were in the same party, and I hear that they propose to get married as soon as possible—before Christmas, if they can.

THEY do not realise what an awful strain it is to arrange a wedding at St. Margaret's quickly, even with the help of Miss Austin, the Dean's admirable secretary. The business of sending out invitations and receiving wedding presents is enough to wear out half a dozen fiancées and their young men, as well as their staff of servants.

MISS HUTTON is staying at the Dorchester, and has been doing a bit of shopping. One of the things she bought was a very pretty Sicilian amber ring. Amber is fast coming back into fashion, and is worth buying for a rise, if for nothing else. Mrs. Parkman, who is on a visit over here, and has one of the finest collections of amber in the United States, is buying any amount of it. Her nephew is Military Secretary at the American Embassy in London.

ALSO staying at the Dorchester is Mrs. Raffaelle van Neck. I understand that, despite denials, her marriage to the Duke of Leinster is all fixed up, and will take place quite soon. She has been in London for sometime. The other day she was lunching with her fiancé at Lord D'Abernon's lovely house in St. James's Place.

Above: Lady Slade and Mr. Tetley in the enclosure at Cheltenham for the first day of the November Steeplechase Meeting

Left: Miss Jean Crichton, Miss Elizabeth Brand, and Miss Pat Charles at Selfridges, where they acted as mannequins in a dress show last week

More Mayfair Mannequins

An Orange-Blossom Event

The Hon. Quintin McGarel Hogg, Lord Hailsham's eldest son, and Miss Natalie Antoinette Sullivan, daughter of Mr. Alan Sullivan, the novelist, and Mrs. Sullivan, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, where they were married

A Send-Off for "Rome Express"

Left: Mrs. Mark Ostrer, with her son, Geoffrey, and (extreme left) Lady Morvyth Benson and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, the hostesses at an At-Home given in connection with the first night of "Rome Express" at the New Victoria Cinema last week, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Another photograph taken at Cheltenham last week: Miss Lambton and Mr. G. Rodwell watching the numbers going up before a race

A. V. Swaebe

Left: A Riviera honeymoon photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Waugh, taken in the garden of Villa Marina, at Cap d'Antibes

On the left; Two flashlight moments: Miss G. B. Stern and Mr. Somerset Maugham at the party given by Miss Stern at Quaglino's, and below, Lady Brecknock, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord Brecknock having supper at the Café de Paris

beard. This does not suit him. He still draws himself clean-shaven in his cartoons.

AMONG the guests at this party was Mrs. Mason, the very pretty daughter of Mrs. Lawson Johnston. She was in contrasting shades of green. Miss Jeanne Stourton had arrived from her store; Miss Mala Brand was there, too; and C. B. Cochran, who admired the way art was linked with food and drink in the matter of the caviare sandwiches and bronxes.

ANOTHER party for Mr. Arno, who says he has picked up any number of new jokes over here, was given by Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, the wife of the American Counsellor, at her house in Park Street. It is rather bad luck on them that they are being moved to Oslo so soon after they had settled into their new house. However, they both have a sense of humour. Particularly I like his story of the

(Continued on page ii.)

Above: Lord and Lady Hardinge and their son, the Hon. Nicholas Hardinge, at the meet of the West Kent at Penshurst. Lord Hardinge's place is South Park, also at Penshurst

AMERICANS seem to be making a good deal of the running in the High Life of London at the moment. Peter Arno is having a particularly good time: party after party is being given for him. At the pre-private view of his pictures at the Leicester Galleries he was simply jostled by "lovelies," and very good-looking he is, too. What probably pleased him most was that Augustus John came up and congratulated him. The host on this occasion was Low, the cartoonist, who has recently adopted a small black

An American Lion

London's latest lion, Mr. Peter Arno, will probably make us think ourselves pretty funny when he gets back to America and starts showing us what made him laugh over here. The exhibition of his pictures at the Leicester Galleries is what brought him here, and he is certainly being a most popular visitor

Beau Nash: A Club Party at the Carlton

Left: Miss Merle Oberon, the English film-actress, Mr. J. Ritchie, and Mrs. Colclough were together at the dinner and dance which was given by Nash's Club last week

Swaebe

Above are the Hon. Sheila Berry and Miss Rosemary Streatfeild, both finding the party a pretty good one, and below are Miss Dorothy Hyson and Mr. Ralph Cobbold, who also seem to be amusing themselves very well

Sasha

Above: Mrs. Oliver Parker, Sir Percy Simmons, Mrs. Edward Huskinson, Mr. Oliver Parker, and Mrs. Benskine at the cigarette, coffee and conversation stage of the evening

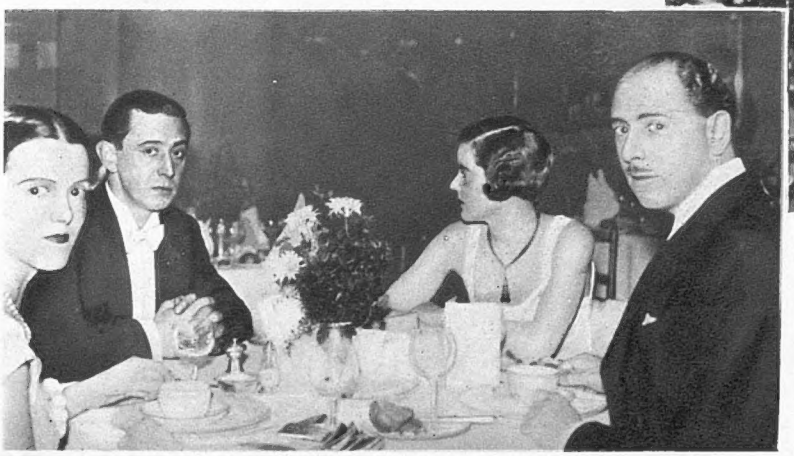
Swaebe

Sasha

Lord Tennyson was one of the shining lights of the party, which was arranged to celebrate Nash's Club's third birthday; he is with Mrs. Elliott Ware and Miss Palmer

Swaebe

Above: Another party who went to the Carlton to wish the Club happy returns included Mrs. Dennis Russell, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. Frank Hargrove, Miss Henderson, Mr. Dennis Russell, and Miss Pavit



Swaebe

Left: A couple of couples photographed just before Nelson Keys and Douglas Byng did their entertaining: Major Raphael, Mrs. Raphael, and Major and Mrs. Philipson

A Racing Reverie

By "Regular"

To those of us whose knowledge of the great city is confined to Aintree and the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool appears as a truly delectable spot in which to spend four days, though those whose lot it is to live there may have very different ideas.

Frankly, though, I have never been to Liverpool without having a good time; though frequently my fun has proved expensive—further proof of the fallacy of the statement that the best things in life are free.

Last week I introduced you to the Jumping crowd, and it is at Liverpool, quite naturally, they see to it that they make their presence felt, though the exuberant displays of a fortnight ago were only a mild forerunner of what we shall have to undergo next March.

First and foremost, we come to Owen Anthony, and those of you who know him (and who doesn't?) realise that this most genial of good fellows is a party in himself, and when, as is usually the case, he is supported by Sir John Gray, Max Barthropp, and Mr. Ben "Residue" Warner, you can't, without a word of a lie, hear the ice moving in the shaker.

Add to this quartet of "jumping" exuberance Jack and Ivor Anthony, George Duller, George Beeby, and Pat Dennis, with a sprinkling of the feminine heartiness I described last week, and you will realise that gala night at Colney Hatch is a children's party compared with race week at Liverpool.

Mention of Pat Dennis reminds me that I did not see him accompanied by his usual bodyguard of hotel-breakers. Derek Fisher and "Loopy" Palmer are, of course, abroad, but there is always Captain "Boy" Wilson and Donnie Player, and their tame comedian, Hugh Hardy.

Flat-racing has to take a back seat at this "mixed" meeting, which is only natural, when you come to think of it. For months now we've consoled ourselves with the idea that we'll get it all back over the sticks, and now that "the sticks" have arrived, we welcome them gladly, though anyone who really thinks he's going to make money backing 'em at Liverpool ought to be locked up even more securely than the poor "boob" who imagines he can win on the flat.

It is as a spectacle, though, that jumping makes its special appeal, and even the most blasé of us notice our hearts beating rather quicker (nothing to do with the brandy after lunch) as we watch the field negotiating the biggest and, incidentally, the best-made fences in the world.

The presiding genius at Liverpool is, of course, Mr. Topham, who knows every blade of grass and every twig in every fence. By the way, mentioning lunch reminds me that the hospitality of this popular Clerk of the Course has been responsible for many of us betting beyond our means, but, as I stated at the commencement of this article, the best things in life almost invariably cost us dear.

Everyone was terribly sorry to hear of Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's accident. Lady Ursula is tremendously popular in her home district, and is one of the very few women I have never heard other women make a "catty" remark about. Desperately keen on hunting and steeplechasing, she knows all there is to know about both. I wish her the speediest of recoveries.

Further gloom was spread on account of the fresh outbreak of "foot and mouth," which is nothing short of a tragedy, the only people who won't mind

At the Chelmsford Meeting: Mrs. S. M. Pilkington and Miss V. Dalton-White looking round the paddock

at all being the restaurateurs in Mayfair, who will thus see the removal of one of their chief competitors.

As Peter, late head-waiter of the Embassy, and easily the nicest of all maîtres d'hôtel, once said to me, in a voice choking with emotion: "Business would be lovely if it wasn't for this damn 'unting."

Thrills were plentiful, and anyone who has ever negotiated even the smallest obstacle could not but be thrilled at Billy Speck's marvellous performance when winning the Beecher minus his saddle, and on a horse which was unaccustomed to the country, and every now and then "only jumped half-way up."

I have watched a good many steeplechases, and have discussed it with people who have witnessed even more, and we were unanimous in our opinion that Speck's performance in winning on Thomond II. was the finest combination of pluck and horsemanship that we had ever seen.

With a little more experience, Thomond II. may one day win a National. He is enormously improved in appearance since last year, and is seemingly far more robust, redounding great credit on his trainer, Jack Anthony.

Thomond II. is, of course, the property of Mr. Jock Whitney. Now, Mr. Whitney is a very rich man, but I know no man who has spent his money more advantageously. In the first place, he chose a very attractive wife, who is, incidentally, very keen on racing and hunting; secondly, he chose some very good horses; thirdly and fourthly, he selected an excellent trainer, and a brilliant acrobat-cum-jockey to ride them; while, fifthly, he has been known to throw a very good party.

Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas provided the other big thrill at Liverpool, and in its way his performance was just as meritorious as Speck's.

For an amateur—and I mean this much-abused word in its strictest sense—at the age of forty-four to win the Grand Sefton on his own hunter mare is a feat of which anyone might well be proud, and especially so when we realise that he has had comparatively little experience of race riding.

Mr. Lloyd-Thomas's victory is only one more proof that it is horsemanship rather than jockeyship which counts over Liverpool, and, in consequence, the hunting man is always seen to advantage there, more so than over a Park course, where dash and an ability to ride a finish are the two prime factors.

Miss Rosemary Keeling and Mr. P. Akroyd were two more who were to be seen at the Jump Meeting at Chelmsford

C

At the Theatre

Sinners, Saints and Song

Sketches of "Springtime for Henry," at the Apollo Theatre, by Rouson

Mr. Dewlip (Ronald Squire) is not telling Mrs. Jelliwell (Isabel Jeans) the latest limericks. On the contrary, he has just declared with passion, "I want you." It is that which amuses Mrs. Jelliwell

UP in the gallery something stirred: it was only a voice of "the bird"—or something like it. A few noisy nit-wits were interrupting Ronald Squire's first-night speech of thanks for Benn Levy's *Springtime for Henry*. Why, goodness only knows. We had seen a naughty, flippant, sardonic trifle, which hung at intervals on the slenderest of threads. Luckily, the author had come to the rescue of the jokers whenever the joke itself showed signs of petering out. "Shocking" it might have been; "Rubbish" most certainly not.

As the curtain was falling on Peggy Wood's top notes from *Tosca*, at the Duke of York's, one waited for one reverberating "Rubbish!" to fall from Olympus. No bird sang. The moralising macaws gave no vocal hint that the only intelligent answer to *To-night or Never*, was, to put it rudely, "Never," which only goes for to show, as Sidney Howard said, what queer things happen at first nights.

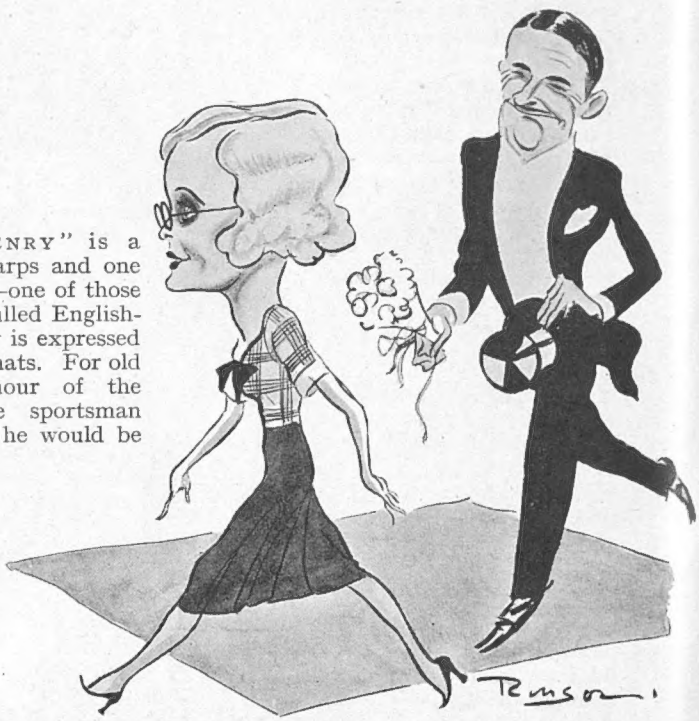
"Springtime for Henry"

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY" is a quartette in three sharps and one flat. Nigel Bruce is the flat—one of those blundering, breezy thick-skulled Englishmen whose whole philosophy is expressed in the angle of their bowler hats. For old times' sake—for the honour of the Lower Third—this bovine sportsman expects to do for a pal as he would be done by. The Jelliwell credo of give and take (Jelliwell, by the way, is surely a misnomer) is beautiful in its simplicity of faith, hope, and charity.

If dear old Henry is making love to his old schoolmate's wife, good luck to him! A just compliment to a deuced pretty woman. And, after all, fair 's fair. A chap pinched Henry's behind during Divinity in the Lower Third, so why shouldn't Henry (who had that sort of behind) pinch a chap's missis if he wanted to? No harm done; kept the "old girl" amused; took her off one's hands. On the other hand, why shouldn't Henry fit a chap's carburettors to his mass-produced motor-cars and do a pal a turn? Henry might be a bit touchy about his behind (you can imagine the pained, shark-like look on Ronald Squire's face as the conversation persists in returning to the seat of learning), but as he never went near his business what difference could it make to him whose carburettors got the contact?

Mr. Levy is not content to leave the old school joke here. Miss Smith, Henry's new secretary, carries on the good work with her formula of "the decent thing." Stepping out of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, via Paris, where she shot her husband "in the Touraine" because he *would* bring his mistresses home to tea, Miss Smith reforms both rakes, captures one and leaves the other to attain the goal of impropriety through the bedroom door. A very brazen and impertinent upshot to an absurdity throughout which great gusts of laughter shook the ungodly, without, I trust, seriously lowering their standards of sophisticated after-dinner fun.

THE Squire-Bruce combination is a glorious mixture of bluff sinner and crafty rip. The dull dog and the sly dog divide the bone, where both deserve the honours to themselves. Each performance is a gem of its kind. Isabel



Mr. Dewlip (Ronald Squire) becomes temporarily forgetful of his passion for Mrs. Jelliwell while dancing attendance on his secretary, the charming Miss Smith (Joan Barry)

Mr. Dewlip (Ronald Squire) bares his soul to Mr. Jelliwell (Nigel Bruce) and Mrs. Jelliwell (Isabel Jeans), and very nearly his chest as well

Mr. Dewlip (Ronald Squire), overcome by the pangs of love, spends a night in the park, and on his return is reproached by Mr. Jelliwell (Nigel Bruce), who insists that Mr. Dewlip must remain faithful to Mrs. Jelliwell

Jeans and Joan Barry are well matched—diamond-hard allure, sulks and venom against porcelain prettiness and platinum purity. Both charmers are caricatures, and one wilted at times under the virtuous monotone of the reforming angel. But those gusts of laughter are what count.

"To-night or Never"

"TO-NIGHT OR NEVER" is a fairy tale with a quaite naice seduction scene and one of those "surprise identity" endings which a mere child in these romantic matters could not fail to guess by half-time. Here we have our old friend the temperamental opera-star, with a virginal iceberg for a heart, needing only the fiery fingers of passion to transform lukewarm mediocrity into throbbing genius. Note, please, that while the lady is "under the patronage" of an Excellency, engaged to him, in fact, and living in an expensive flat, complete with butler, presumably at his expense, that gentleman, the proprietor of the local opera-house, has made no effort to provide the necessary awakening. The Prima Donna continues to be railed at by her tame dog of a professor, while her butler politely declines to attend her concerts.

BUT, stay! the ice is melting. In the town is the famous Mr. Fletcher, of New York, his pockets bulging with blank contracts for the Metropolitan Opera House. And outside the diva's window paces, day by day, a young man palpably love-sick and handsome, yet, by repute, a gigolo living in the best hotel with a faded ex-queen of opera. Stung by His Excellency's goings-on with a rival songstress, the Prima Donna decides to quit behaving like a spineless flapper and go temperamental. She walks into the gigolo's parlour a gauche shy fly, and emerges the next morning a fully-fledged nightingale. Such, in operatic and like circles, is the power of the cave-man over the spinster.

THE next day the gigolo calls to return the emeralds which the patient has left on his pillow in payment for services rendered, and Mr. Fletcher drops in about a contract—for that afternoon the nightingale has sung *Tosca* as never before, and even the butler is moved to enthusiasm. Likewise His Excellency, who at last comes forward with a wedding ring in the hope of out-bidding the mysterious Mr. Fletcher.

But Mr. Fletcher is not to be outbid, nor is the peripatetic young man to be labelled gigolo any longer. Re-enter the Marchesa, after a hair-dye and another face-lift, but still incorporating several captive balloons in her silhouette, to prove that a nephew can live with his aunt and call himself Mr. Fletcher instead of Count something or other if he wants to. Happy ending, aria from *Tosca*, "God Save the King."

BASIL RATHBONE lavishes his skill and good looks to admiration on the gigolo-impresario, Eva Moore's Marchesa is a ripe and lively fragment, Keneth Kent is suitably Italiano as the professor, and Cecil Parker is crisply competent as the jilted patron. Peggy Wood sings as a Prima Donna should, but sets so much store on casual under-emphasis that the Sleeping Beauty appeared a hopeless case long before she essayed to come to life. But then even the romantics will admit that graduates in the hard school of Opera are rarely afflicted with inferiority complexes.

TRINCULO.

A Tell-tail Piece

Exeunt Mr. Dewlip and Mrs. Jelliwell, in accordance with her husband's wish. Mr. Dewlip discards a useless hat in his exit, but retains a useful eiderdown

Photographs Yevonde and Press Portrait Bureau

Mr. Richard Girouard *Lt.-Col. John B. Dodge* *The Hon. Evan Morgan*

Mr. Richard Girouard is the son of Colonel Sir P. Girouard, K.C.M.G., and is the Conservative candidate for Limehouse. Lieut.-Colonel Dodge is another young Conservative with a future; and the Hon. Evan Morgan has already tasted political blood by contesting constituencies

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE KING opened Parliament yesterday, and we now know, more or less, from the King's Speech what the Government has in store for us. The preparation of the Speech is principally the work of the Prime Minister and his chief colleagues, but eventually it is submitted for the Cabinet's approval as a whole. More often than not, one or two Ministers are disgruntled by having their pet measures left out in the cold. The present occasion was, I understand, no exception to the rule.

DISARMAMENT still holds the stage. Mr. Baldwin's speech in the Commons on the horrors of air warfare (incidentally, the best speech of his life) is still a topic of conversation. But the strain in the Cabinet between the dis-armers and the re-armers is, I hear, as tense as ever. It would be interesting to know exactly where Mr. MacDonald stands on this question: he has so far, it is obvious, been purposely indefinite. Is Lord Londonderry's influence as strong as is supposed—or does Lord Irwin win the day?

JIMMY THOMAS has been out of the picture for some time, but his secretaries have done their best for him. Captain Victor Cazalet has at last resigned his Parliamentary Private Secretaryship. It has been kept very quiet, but the fatal deed is done.

CAPTAIN CAZALET was originally Mr. Thomas's Parliamentary Private Secretary, but when he went off abroad on a tour, J. H. asked his namesake, J. P. L. Thomas, who is Member for Hereford, to take on the job temporarily. J. H. found J. P. L. so much to his liking that when Cazalet returned, he was loath to part with him. For a time the two were run in double harness, but that was unfair to both. When Ottawa came, it was J. P. L. Thomas who went out officially with J. H., and Cazalet went out, too—on his own. Now he has relinquished his post, and the two Thomases are left alone once more.

J. P. L. THOMAS was originally one of Mr. Baldwin's Young Men with Geoffrey Lloyd and Charlie Rhys. He may do well. He is popular, has made a not unattractive maiden speech, and is ready to work hard. He had a magnificent fight at the General Election with Frank Owen, the young Liberal hope, who petered away, however, when he was over-popularised. Then he backed Lloyd George and went down badly. He is now a journalist, and you can see him any night, if you want to, living up to tradition (and his own reputation) at the Café Royal.

HERE is a good story of one of the younger Members, who has made it his business to collect all his friends from those who are titled—and the grander the better. He invited a lady to dine in the House. When she arrived, a policeman, noticing she was somewhat mystified by the strange surroundings, went up to her and asked, "Can I do anything for you, Madam?" "I 'm looking for Mr. ——," she said. "I 'll find him for you, *my Lady*," the policeman replied, without a moment's hesitation.

WHAT are all the bright young men of the Conservative Party doing? They all seem to be frightened of the sound of their own voices—except where there is no echo. Dutifully they attend the House; dutifully they vote. But they remain silent, inert. Splendid, so far as the Whips are concerned. But for themselves, and for us—— ?

TAKE Sir Paul Latham, who sits for Scarborough. He was elected in April 1931, and hasn't, as yet, taken any part in any debate. Has he no contribution of any kind to make in Parliament? I should like to see some of the younger back-benchers making their presence felt. Incidentally, I may remark that since the General Election Sir Paul has bought Hurstmonceaux.

SPEECHES, I know, are not everything, but they are still the best way for a Member to bring forward original ideas and to display his own powers and character. If you suffer from inferiority complex, don't go into Parliament—if only for our sakes.

THE Whips are the prefects of the House—and when I see them all together I thank Heaven I 'm no longer a small boy at school and they my fag-masters. A friend of mine who is an M.P. told me that when he first entered the House he was summoned, with all the other new Members, before the Whips. As he had served in the war with one of them (they were Captains in the same regiment), when it came to his turn to give a few particulars of himself, he said, "You may remember we served together," or words to that effect. The particular Whip to whom he spoke looked up, said, "No, I don't," and, without another word, turned straight away to the next man. A silly little story, but it shows exactly what certain Whips think of themselves and how they treat the ordinary back-bencher.

THE Head Prefect, Captain Margesson, like all Head Prefects, is rather aloof, but can, on occasions, temper justice with charm.

HOW are Lords-in-Waiting appointed? They are, of course, political officers, and used to be regarded as the sweets for bitter old Tories. But now we have Lord Munster given an appointment. He is twenty-six, and has had little political experience, but he has a charming wife and a beautiful house near Reigate. Did Sir Geoffrey Fry have anything to do with it?

SIR GEOFFREY FRY is more often than not behind the scenes. He is Private Secretary to Mr. Baldwin; is a quiet, retiring, dilettante little man with a passion for gardening. He has another hobby of picking on young men and finding them good jobs. I admire him and his work: it is work that has to be done by somebody, and he does it very well.

Miss Audrey Simpson is the stage member of the Simpson trio; she was in the cast of "After Dinner," at the Gaiety, and will be in "Stepping Out" when it is produced

Miss Ruth Simpson has been doing film work, and owing to the various and often inconvenient times that pictures are "shot," has not been around at parties lately as much as her sisters

Miss Mona Simpson

Left: Miss Mona Simpson, who is as attractive and popular as the other two, and, like her sister, Audrey, is a confirmed party-goer. They are both here, there, and everywhere in London

Stage, Screen and Society

The Simpson Sisters

Photographs by Tunbridge

Hors d'Oeuvres : *By "Caviare"*

MISS BARBARA HUTTON has a dignity and charm which is worthy of our most blue-blooded peeresses, but she ought to smile more. My goodness, I would if I were she!

MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN has the reddest hair of any man in London. It is literally flaming, but he is a very clever young man, and should go far. Lord Knebworth is another young politician for whom I predict a political and social future. Note: I think him very attractive.

THE little season is well on the way, and the excitements so far seem to have been the Beaton sisters; the loveliness of Mrs. Vivian Cornelius; and the loss of Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's ermine coat.

AFTER meeting several of the younger set who resemble a "rag and a bone and a hank of hair," I was really relieved to see Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper looking plump and happy. At times, one quite sympathises with the young man who says that taking girls out nowadays makes him feel like a rag-and-bone man.

WHAT about this engagement in the golfing world? Is it really to be a brunette?

IF I were giving a "witty" dinner-party, I should ask Lord Castlerosse, Lord Berners, and Sir Patrick Hastings. And for the women I should ask Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Lady Oxford and Asquith, and Lady Londonderry.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND looks very smart on a horse, and I love her velvet Master's cap. The Duchess of Beaufort has a good seat and "goes well." I wonder if we shall ever have a Royal hunting Duchess?

THE daughters of brilliant fathers seem to be bright, with-plenty-to-say young people. I refer to Miss Elizabeth Maugham, Miss Diana Churchill, and Lady Helen Stewart. Lady Helen Primrose is intelligent and, incidentally, is growing in charm.

EVELYN LAYE is looking radiant and very sweet these days, but I don't always like her clothes. They are sometimes a little formal for her very "roses-and-blue-ribbon" type of beauty. Tilly Losch dresses very well, in strange and intensely becoming garments. Cicely Courtneidge has also become so smart, but affects but little make-up off the stage.

MRS. AMHERST VILLIERS, whom we still remember better as Mme. de Lisle, is one of the quickest talkers I know. She has some wonderful jewellery, including the largest flawless emerald in the world. Her house in Farm Street is a mixture of American comfort, French arrangement, church furniture, and exoticism.

THIS time of year some people look awful—blue noses and red eyes, or vice versa. Others look lovely, peeping from soft furs. Mrs. Claude Leigh is certainly in the latter category. So is another beautiful blonde—Lady Howe. Talking of furs, have you ever seen anything so unbecoming as Greta's imitation fur coat in "Grand Hotel"? And I don't like Mrs. Thaw's beige fur coat, either.

ISN'T it amazing how film stars dictate fashions nowadays from far-off Hollywood? Miss Swerling's, Zyrot's and all the hat shops have been bombarded with demands for hats like Marlene's in "Blonde Venus." And the cock's-feather craze is supposed to be due to "Shanghai Express."

Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Gurdon

Mrs. Gurdon is the wife of the Hon. Robin Gurdon, Lord Cranworth's son and heir, and was the Hon. Yoskyl Pearson before she married. Mr. and Mrs. Gurdon's daughter was born at the beginning of this month

THINGS you ought to know—
That Mrs. Colclough is rather vague about appointments.
That Lord Wimborne is a connoisseur of wine.
That Mrs. Bryan Guinness is an intelligent companion.
That Lady Baillie loves backgammon.
And that Mr. Basil Burton's side whiskers are a sign of literary ambitions.

THINGS you do know—
That Miss Celia Palmer is a quick talker.
That Lady Bowden has become almost too thin.
That Lord Forres likes dancing.
That Miss Diana Coventry is getting more and more platinum.

BEADS are finished with, thank goodness! Clever Mrs. Julie Thompson has never worn anything round her neck; nor does lovely Mrs. Charles Winn. Lady Dufferin, however, still wears many necklaces, and Miss Nancy Beaton's new Oriental cascade is not to everybody's taste.

THE best-tempered man in Mayfair is Lord Brecknock.
The best-tempered girl—Lady Anne Wellesley.
The kindest-hearted—Lady Carisbrooke.

WHAT an intelligent face Miss Sheila Beddington has! I think that she and Miss Sheila Berry stand out as having more expression and character in their faces than any of the younger set.

Sasha

Two photographs taken at the opening of Le Bon Viveur, the new Club in Shepherd's Market; above are Princess Paul Troubetsky and Mr. John Everard at the cocktail bar, and below are Captain Brocklebank and Miss Stella Fremantle

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

An attractive portrait of Lady Jersey by Keith Bryant, and one of her latest photographs. Like a good many other people are at this time of year Lady Jersey is busy with various entertainments for charity, and is Chairman of the dance to be held in December at the Dorchester in aid of the Victoria League

Inset by Edmund Harrington

"Evensong" Success Celebrated

Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols entertain some friends at Brighton

Below: Beverley Nichols and Edward Knoblock separated for the moment by Rudolph Besier, author of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," one of the guests

Three Musketeers of the Pen

Edward Knoblock, Edith Evans (leading lady of "Evensong") and Beverley Nichols at the former's house. "Is that Harry Preston on the front, or is it another of those seagulls?" is the question being hotly debated

Bibliophiles Both

Above: Mr. Knoblock, showing Miss Evans his fine collection of rare and beautiful bindings

Right: Mr. Knoblock's sitting-room at 20, Clifton Terrace, Brighton, furnished in Empire style. The big picture in the centre is painted on glass

Photographs by Sasha

If Gossip We Must

Americans and Hootch—A Harry Tate Story—Armistice Day—Those Musical Critics

IT is true that the American tourist traffic to Europe had slumped as the result of Hooverism, but quite a respectable amount of it remained, some travellers going to Paris and rather fewer to us.

But I find that those who are concerned with luxury trades are in two minds over the result of the Presidential election.

Roosevelt—it seems quite like old times to be using again the name of the man who, as a guest of honour at the Guildhall, got up on his hind legs and told us we were making an awful mess of things in Egypt—is, it seems, to bring financial prosperity. Whether he does so or not, he could not make things much worse in that respect. "Another year of Hoover," I remember it being said, "and Mr. Gandhi will be the best-dressed man in the world."

And if Americans are financially prosperous, they will have more money with which to come to Europe. Well and good. Or ill and bad, according to one's point of view concerning the citizens of the Land of Liberties.

A Hat—Ancient

Charlotte Greenwood, the funny and eccentric American comédienne, as she appears with Jerry Verno on "a bicycle made for two" in the musical comedy, "Wild Violets," at Drury Lane

A Hat—Modern *Walter Bird*

Jeanne Stuart, the very attractive vamp who finds business fairly brisk at "Road House," a country restaurant of smartness in Walter Hackett's amusing adventure comedy at the Whitehall Theatre

BUT Roosevelt's victory is also a triumph for the Wets. "If Prohibition goes," wailed a restaurant proprietor to me, "Americans won't have to come over here to drink."

I don't agree. I believe Americans, owing to Prohibition, come over here, not to drink, but to avoid drinking.

When last I was in New York, three years ago, I found it a matter of the greatest difficulty to dodge alcohol. People who liked me—obviously there must be some—sent me cases of good whisky. Others, who disliked me, sent cases of sulphuric acid warranted to burn the copper bottom off the Mauretania.

Hip-flasks were thrust at me at breakfast-time, with accusations of "high-hatting" or "getting Ritzy" if one didn't gulp down the contents. Most difficult was it to order black coffee at a restaurant and to be given black coffee and not liqueur brandy of awful potency.

Such has been American high life in the reign of the plump-faced puritan whom an enterprising British journalist has just—ye gods!—compared to Henri Quatre.

TALKING of Americans, I like the story of the man who sat in an arm-chair at the Knickerbocker Club, New York, loudly exclaiming "No, no, *no*! Oh, certainly *not*, not by any means. No, *no*! No, no, no, NO!"

"What 's the idea?" asked a friend.

"Don't you know?" was the reply. "I'm a Yes-man on holiday!"

HARRY TATE told me—appropriately enough, on Armistice Night—a good yarn about what one may call the theological aspect of war.

Two coloured men were discussing war, and one of them, a devout Christian, declared that even if his side went to war with the teeming millions of China, it would be bound to be victorious. "Ah would jes' pray to de Lord," he said, "an' den we would sure win de battle."

"Pardon me, lady, but am I right for Bond Street?"

"I am no judge of masculine fashions"

"Ah dessay," said his pal. "But supposin' all dem Chinks pray to de Lord an' ask to win de battle?"

"Youse sure a fool nigger," came the reply. "Who de hell unnerstands Chinese?"

FOR how many years longer will the celebration of Armistice Day continue?

It is an interesting point. Celebrations this year were observed as solemnly, and in just as heartfelt a manner, as in all previous years. Perhaps even more so. Will they go on indefinitely for decades, for even centuries more?

Guy Fawkes' Day—if I may, in all reverence, compare small things with great—survives generation after generation. Yet it seems inconceivable that the Silence and the Poppies will be found a hundred years hence, when every living link with the great struggle will have long been swept away.

Another war would effectively put a stop to Armistice Day as we now know it. But I do not imagine that even those who, for some strange reason, are opposed to its continuation, would be in favour of such a method of breaking the continuity.

THE end of the Opera controversy in the union of all the operatic forces in England—Covent Garden, Beecham, Old Vic., and the rest of 'em—is something that is wholly for the good of opera in England.

The subsidy, which always caused more abuse than it was worth, has gone. It was so tiny that it wasn't worth worrying about. Complete unity has come instead. With Covent Garden and Sir Thomas Beecham hand-in-glove, all opposition is likely to die down.

The only people I am sorry for are those few musical critics whose chief occupation—that of belittling everything done by the Covent Garden Syndicate—will now be gone.

FOR musical critics are, with some sane exceptions, curious folk. Dramatic critics write, well or ill, about the drama.

The Play Which Shocked Somerset Maugham's Cynicism

Charlotte Ardsley (Louise Hampton) helping her blind son (Cedric Hardwicke) with his "tatting," in Somerset Maugham's new play, "For Services Rendered," at the Globe

he Gallery

Mr. Dewlip (Ronald Squire), a rake who seeks adventure with the wife of his best friend, Mr. Jelliwell (Nigel Bruce), seen seated. Mrs. Jelliwell (Isabel Jeans) is on the right, and Miss Smith (Joan Barry) is on the far end of the sofa. Mr. Dewlip, after spending the night in the Park, returns with "a code id the dose" to round off in a far from moral manner "Springtime for Henry," a somewhat saucy play on view at the Apollo

Sasha

Eily Gerald

One of the Prima Ballerinas at the Leicester Square Theatre. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Ashdown and Lady Ashdown

rather distant past, but toe-kissing still goes on. I have just read a book on Epstein by Mr. L. B. Powell. I do not know who Mr. Powell is, but he is obviously a friend of Epstein, and a friend of the type from which one prays to be saved. For, to him, Epstein can do no wrong, and is about the greatest genius the world has ever produced.

The world is now, I think, coming to a right estimate of this sculptor; it no longer dismisses him as a charlatan, but it does not put him on a level with the mighty ones.

To ladle out adulation with a large spoon and with unstinted hand from the first page to the last of a longish book is calculated to do more harm than good to the object of that adulation.

But musical critics do not write about music nearly so much as they write about each other. They work off on paper all sorts of silly squabbles, in which the public take not the least interest. Yet they go on.

A few of the more prominent of these gentry have used Covent Garden as an Aunt Sally for some years past. Not a thing performed in that august building has ever been considered right, mainly because Sir Thomas Beecham was not concerned in it.

Sir Thomas himself, a genius if ever there was one, has been far too big a man to encourage such tactics on the part of his camp-followers. But, egged on by their women-folk, they have continued their campaign. Now all is ended for them.

I can see them, in my mind's eye, hanging about the corridors of Covent Garden next summer in the exquisite discomfort of stalemate.

One of Max Beerbohm's cleverest cartoons some years ago was of the late William Archer kissing the toe of the late Henrik Ibsen. That was in the

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 16—The Darts Player

THE blokes in the Saloon 'ave got
A billiard table, where they play
And talk of "cannons," "baulk," and "spot,"
And 'ave their drinks fetched on a tray.
But then, they 're toffs in ev'ry way,
What 's quite well known around these parts;
But since I ain't as smart as they—
What price a little gime o' Darts?

I can't afford no "whisky 'ot,"
Beer 's all I manage on my pay—
And 'Evins knows it ain't a lot
You gets for 'andling of a dray.
So in the Public Bar I stay,
And when the beer has warmed our hearts
I turns to good ole pals and say,
"What price a little gime o' Darts?"

I freely owns as I am not
A dressy cove wot 's quite "oh fay"
With etikettes and such-like rot,
But I 'm "Sir Garnet" and O.K.
When, puffin' at my short, black clay,
I ups upon my feet and starts
The ball a-rollin' ev'ry day—
"What price a little gime o' Darts?"

ENVOI

Prince, you 're bored stiff and fed-up, eh,
With Po 'try and them other Arts?
Then you 're the bloke I 'm seekin'—Hey!
What price a little gime o' Darts?

B. W.

Tunbridge

Kay Hammond

The well-known actress, who was recently married to Mr. Ronald Leon, who is a London stockbroker. The wedding was a surprise to her many friends and acquaintances as no engagement had been announced

The Passing Picture Show

"Whose Savage Breast?"

By Sydney Tremayne

THE coming of the sound-film brought a spate of saxophonic harmony; Broadway Melodies and Dancing Dolls revolved on innumerable gramophone discs and exercised the respiratory organs of whistlers and songsters in basements and bath-rooms. Then the vocal and terpsichorean activities of the "Morris Angels," as someone wittily called the male chorus, and stockingless bathing and non-bathing belles abated, and the microphones concentrated on the music of machine-guns for the gangster films; the make-up artists and camera-men got busy to create horrors like Frankenstein and Dracula, and the great era of the sex-appeal film set in to exploit competitively the moral depths and æsthetic heights to which the Garbos and Dietrichs and Bankheads could fall and rise.

RENÉ CLAIR inaugurated a new method of using musical accompaniment, the interpolation of which developed from the theme and was part of the plot, with synchronised action and vocalisation contributing to the rhythm and credibility of the "pattern."

UNTIL now there has not been even an attempt to imitate or adapt his method. Surprisingly, it is an English film, *Tell Me To-night*, which comes nearest to his admirable technical achievement. English pictures have much to live down, partly owing to the deplorable quota pictures made by American companies in this country which, either because they were a perfunctory conformation to a legal exaction or in pursuance of a deliberately damaging policy, have insidiously and successfully destroyed the interest of both Press and public in British productions. This position must account for the fact that *Tell Me To-night* has not been acclaimed as a masterpiece in its own particular genre and, after the Clair trilogy and *Congress Dances*, the best musical film of the year.

IT is handicapped by its not very inspiring or significant title and the fact that the star, Jan Kiepura, is not known in this country. One would have thought that both these limitations could have been overcome by the producers. Kiepura has a pleasing, robust personality, is not bad-looking, and has an outstandingly excellent tenor voice. He is not an actor, but the scenario has been cleverly constructed to give him a minimum of histrionics and a maximum of vocalisation. Most of the acting falls to Sonnie Hale, who proves himself a most accomplished comedian, capable of making the most of inherently amusing situations and good lines, a refreshing break-away from the knock-about buffoonery which has kept English purveyors of comic relief in a rut so deep now that it has assumed the proportions of a trench. Supporting humorous rôles are in the hands of those accomplished and delightful players, Athene Seyler and Edmund Gwenn, and the heroine is vivaciously played by Magda Schneider, who has an opportunity to show intelligence as well as charm, and would be pretty if she did not show so much gum.

"Who Will With Me Ride?"

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald indulge in a spot of recreation while working on "Love Me To-night," their new film, which started its run at the Carlton last week

THERE is a refreshing story about a famous tenor, driven to distraction by the publicity methods by which he is exploited by a female "manager." He impetuously exchanges trains, on the way to fulfil an important engagement, to seek peace and anonymity in the Swiss mountains, only to find himself adopted by an entertaining crook and involved in civic receptions and provincial adulation. The exchange of personalities between the singer and the crook, and a lightly handled love interest, are fruitful of amusing situations.

The scenic effects and the photography are perfect, and the cutting admirable. I have been told that the public does not understand and is not interested in "cutting," but I do not believe this, or they would not react intelligently, as they do, to the slick and significant sequences which good cutting confers. *Tell Me To-night* goes from the Tivoli to the New Victoria.

BUOYED up by the excellence of *Tell Me To-night*, I went in favourable and receptive mood to see *Marry Me* at the Capitol. This is another British musical comedy—or, rather, farce—with an impressive cast, including George Robey, Ian Hunter, Renate Muller and Harry Green. The photography and sets show that British studios are no longer oblivious of the progress in filmic technique, and there is an evident intention to employ musical interludes rhythmically and comically, but the picture is really sheer nonsense, and the humour poor to the point of tediousness.

ROBEY has no opportunities; Renate Muller fails physically and mentally to make sufficiently alluring the ridiculous character of the pursuing female who resorts to a matrimonial agency and accepts the ridiculous pig-breeder (Robey) in order to rouse a reluctant lover to appreciation of her charms. *Marry Me* is definitely a damper on newly-born enthusiasm for British music and comedy on the screen, and does nothing to soothe the savage breast of anti-British propagandists.

THERE are more musical shows to come from English studios, including *The Maid of the Mountains*, and we shall see whether the high standard set by *Tell Me To-night* will be maintained.

Growing Up

Three Members of the Younger Generation and their Mothers

Right: Mrs. Michael Portman, before her marriage in 1930, was Miss June Charles, and is a sister of Miss Pat and Miss Hilary Charles; her husband is a cousin of Lord Portman. Their small daughter, Davina Isolde, was born this year, and was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Lenare

Mrs. Michael Portman and Davina Isolde

Lenare

Lady Evelyn Patrick and John Evelyn

Marcus Adams

Viscountess Pollington and the Hon. John Savile

Left: Lady Evelyn Patrick and her son, who was christened recently in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Lady Evelyn Patrick is the eldest sister of the Earl of Lovelace, and was married to Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P., two years ago

Above: Viscountess Pollington is the wife of the Earl of Mexborough's eldest son; she was Miss Josephine Fletcher, daughter of Capt. Talbot Fletcher, and married Lord Pollington in 1930. The Hon. John Savile, their son and heir, is a year old

A Fricassée

Left: Dorothy Bouchier is an English film-actress who is stepping rapidly to the front; her latest part is in "King's Cup," an air picture being made over here. In private life, Dorothy Bouchier is Mrs. Harry Milton

Right: Paul Cavanagh and Billie Burke in "A Bill of Divorcement," the Radio film of Clemence Dane's play, in which Billie Burke makes a triumphant return to the screen

Myrna Loy, with her black lace fan, looks like an encouragement to anyone to live up to the title of "Love Me To-night," in which she has a vamp part. The new Chevalier film came to the Carlton last week

Another pictur Hepburn, who several steps t by her acting of Divorcemen gone over we

# of Film Faces

Above: John Barrymore, who takes the part of the returning husband, and Katherine Hepburn as the daughter, in another scene from "A Bill of Divorcement," which is due in London shortly

of Katherine is said to take wards stardom in "A Bill ," which has l in America

Constance Bennett's latest film, "Two Against the World," finished its run at the Regal last week. "What Price Hollywood?" in which she does one of her best bits of work, is now on tour

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 3: Viscount Castlerosse

Modelled and Designed by Zec

2 LONDON. THE SUNDAY EXPRESS. OCTOBER 2, 1

THE LONDONER'S LO

OUNT
OSSE

BADEN-BADEN.

THE exact influence of mortification of the flesh on the soul is hidden from me, but its immense effect on the liver is now apparent.

• • •

Health is not everything, but everything is no good without health.

• • •

I believe there is an ex-pugilist near New York who, after a more or less successful career in the ring, took to training. Now, with a vision unusual in professional athletics, he trains middle-aged men who want kicking back to health.

• • •

I would there were some such place near London.

I want an establishment run by a born bully who stands no nonsense. The discipline must be guardsman-like, but the system must be intelligent.

• • •

I want to eat as much as I require, and I demand a modicum of alcohol as well. I want to smoke as much as my appetite dictates, and yet become hourly fitter.

• • •

That is what I am doing now, and in a week's time I shall be a stone lighter, and shall be able to walk twenty miles without feeling fatigued.

Sleep For Work.

If I could do this cure every week-end I am sure it would increase my efficiency by 75 per cent.

A man's brain does not work in a sluggard's body, and as far as I can see it is impossible for a Londoner who works to avoid that state unless he is endowed with supernatural self-control.

• • •

Were I the chairman of a concern which relies on the mental alertness of its employees like a bank I would make the health of those who work for me a matter of paramount importance.

There is only one way to do this, and that is by spending money on new housing. It is ridiculous to expect a man to sleep in a pigsty and work like a racehorse.

• • •

To begin with, no sensible m should make a habit of sleepin London. He should sleep in th air in the neighbourhood of stead, Walton Heath, or A where the fresh wind blo in from the sea.

I would like to see p perience is that whil peers on dying and nothing about the of dieting

• •

In fact in I branch your perished P That is no cause for ing till

• • •

beautiful cheap flats go up on the outskirts of London.

• • •

At seven o'clock I would have every man, woman, and child turn out for half an hour's physical jerks under an instructor. It is not bad fun if you have a gramophone with a loud speaker to put some go into the proceedings.

Then downstairs in these blocks I'd have proper baths, swimming baths and shower baths.

• • •

Do you think I'd allow my fellows to eat their breakfasts in their rooms? No! I would not.

They would have to come down to the dining room, where I'd give them as good a breakfast as any millionaire could eat, costing less than a shilling.

Wasteful Hustle.

The reason for this move would be entirely selfish. I would want the whole attention of my employes.

If he has to get out his cup and saucer and cook his breakfast it is disturbing that serenity of mind which is important in the morning

• • •

Then, too, I would arrange the transport. I would have the best charabancs going to bring my fellows into town and back again.

The noise, hustle, and discomfort of the trains, buses, and Underground during the rush hours are destructive.

• • •

I have seen girl typists in New York arrive at work worn out. It is not so bad in London, but still I would want something better for my own people.

• • •

No man in my show would work overtime. For one thing there would be no reason for it, because, when necessary, my fellows could do twice the ordinary man's work.

Every employee of mine would be back in his home by 6.30 p.m. at the latest, and then the fun of the day would start.

• • •

There would be squash courts and tilt-up lawn ter for the younger folks, debating societies, and dinner we'd have

We'd be dealin people, whos state would urge.

Th bo

succeeded ed been atte

Many of They w well ha higher-c which, of generate when pe

As I sat and t day, surrounded b my mind ran that

"I heard the old, o *Everything alters.*"

• • •

Not a particularly original thought.

The Memorial before Verdun: "I should not have expected to find the picture of such a challenging French war memori in a German shop w

but Years' old, o like claws, twisted

The P

VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE

Puzzle: Find the Ball. An incident in the match between the Harlequins and Richmond on the latter's ground, won by the Harlequins by 5 points

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Battle of the Blues

In a fortnight's time or thereabouts we shall be sitting somewhere in the West Stand at Twickenham yelling ourselves hoarse over the 'Varsity match. A happy thought, though the time has not yet come for any final summing-up of prospects. Still, as I have seen both Oxford and Cambridge in action during the last week, I may perhaps be permitted a few humble and, I hope, impartial observations.

The teams, then, are shaping well. Let no partisan expect a runaway victory for his favourites, since the odds at present are about evens. Oxford are, perhaps, a shade more dangerous behind the scrummage, but it seems to me that the Cambridge forwards just redress the balance. Here I must say that I am very taken with these Cambridge scrummagers, for Marr leads them with fine spirit, they do shove in the tight, and Birdwood is an uncommonly expert hooker. When Mr. John Daniell has had his customary week with them, they should be fit for anything, and they will undoubtedly hope and strive to rattle Oxford to defeat. This does not mean that they will necessarily succeed, however, and I remember a fire-eating Cambridge pack, containing such immortals as W. W. Wakefield, G. S. Conway, and R. Cove-Smith, which was held triumphantly by eight despised Oxford forwards.

Still, Marr has some good men with him, there is no doubt of that, and about the best of them, to my mind, is Waller, a big, strong forward who should go very near an English trial this year. And now to a point of general interest, suggested by the fact that Cambridge have adopted the 3-4-1 formation, with a rover who packs on the outside of the second row. Now this rover is a fast, energetic forward; he does a certain amount of work in the tight, he harasses the opposing outsides, and now and again he is up to carry on an attacking movement in the open. Obviously, therefore, he has his uses, and Marr is justified in playing him. On the other hand, he is apt to incur penalty kicks—he cost Cambridge the match against the Harlequins by being off-side, and he gave away two kicks against Leicester—and he not only leaves the other seven forwards to do all the work in the loose mauls, but he is likely to confuse the Cambridge defence as much as he helps it. The question is whether such a player is really worth having in a side, and there are two sharply divided schools of thought on the matter.

My own opinion is that, in the 'Varsity match, at any rate, scrummaging power is the essential quality in a forward, and that every man must shove every ounce of his weight, both in the loose and in the tight. Have fast, quick-breaking forwards if you like, but they must only break when further scrummaging is useless. To my way of thinking, the only sanction for playing a rover at all is that he is a genius who will push when weight is necessary, and make constructive use of his opportunities in the loose. Such a player was H. L. Price, who had an amazing instinct for turning up where he was most needed; but even he had his critics. The ordinary rover is merely a forward wasted, and his occasional triumphs are cancelled twice over by his mistakes. And now I suppose this Cambridge rover will utterly confound me by winning the 'Varsity match on his own!

Apart from their forwards, Cambridge have the courageous Pope at scrum-half—a fine stopper of rushes—and some resolute defenders in the three-quarter line, but their attack seems to depend upon the presence of Phillips, who, as I write, is unfortunately crocked. I like Johnston on the wing, a fast and determined runner, and Parker is a very fair centre, though I think he is a better full-back. This is not really an impressive back division, and here Oxford show more promise, for in Lorraine and Jenkins they have quite useful centres, Waide is one of the best wings playing, Jackson shapes well at stand-off half, and Lamport at scrum-half is a rare hard-working performer. And the Oxford forwards are no slouches, I can assure you, particularly if Hudson is hooking. Hudson and Birdwood are going to have an almighty tussle for the ball—if Hudson plays, that is to say—and I am by no means certain that Birdwood, for all his cleverness, will come off best. Still, we shall know more about Oxford after their match with Major Stanley's XV to-morrow. Major Stanley has collected a very hot side, with Kendrew, Pike, Gregory, Black, Beattie, G. R. Beamish, Crichton-Miller, and Rowan as his forwards, all of them Internationals, with three hookers in the front row. Then he has an interesting pair of half-backs, Simpson and Tallent, who may conceivably play together for England one day. This team will certainly put Oxford through their paces.

Talking of half-backs, A. R. Ralph, the Welsh stand-off half, seems to be in fine fettle this season. He is undoubtedly the best stand-off half now playing, but it is not easy to find the right partner for him. He needs someone who will concentrate on slinging out a long and accurate pass, and I am told that M. J. Turnbull, of Cardiff, is being seriously considered as the successor to W. C. Powell.

Another scrum-half in the news just now is W. Tailyour—I hope I have spelt the name right—of the London Scottish. I have not seen Tailyour myself—he has only just leapt into prominence after playing for a Scottish B team—but they say that we may expect great things of him. There is something rather pleasing about this sudden rise from obscurity to fame, and I hope he does well.

Yevonde

The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt writes under her maiden name, Sonia Keppel; her first novel, "Sister of the Sun," was published early this autumn by Chapman and Hall

Hay Wrightson

Miss Doris Leslie is the author of one of the latest novels, "Puppets' Parade," a story of the theatrical world, which has been published by the Bodley Head

Nelson—and Some New Novels: By "Ericus"

IT is a strange commentary on our national character that we know so little of our national heroes. They have, of course, their historians, but what does the man in the street really know about, let us say, Raleigh or Alfred the Great? If confronted suddenly with such a question, he will probably make some halting reference to a cloak in the one case and some cakes in the other. And Nelson? "Oh, yes! 'Kiss me, Hardy,' and 'England Expects.'"

THIS is one of the many reasons for welcoming *The Sailor's Nelson*, by Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O. (Hurst and Blackett; 18*s*.). Lest the title should give you the impression that this is a kind of nautical handbook, a record of naval manœuvre by the greatest sailor of them all, I hasten to tell you that, though it has its technical side—explained with complete lucidity—it is essentially an illuminating and detailed study of the character of the great Admiral. It stresses particularly his unique personal popularity with the men who served with him, a popularity that at once appears inevitable when we read of his boundless affection and consideration for them. At a time when the press gang was a constant menace and disorders were frequent, a mutiny was unheard of in any of his ships. "It was his loyalty to them that created theirs to him." No wonder that, when asked by the First Lord to choose his own officers before Trafalgar, he could reply, "Choose yourself, my Lord. The same spirit actuates the whole profession; you cannot choose wrong."

Of Nelson's genius as a strategist and his uncanny insight into the mind of an opponent, there is, of course, no question. But I am afraid I cannot agree with Admiral Kerr when he states that Nelson was alone in his correct forecasts of Napoleon's movements. Such a statement does not appear to be supported by historical evidence. Nevertheless, this is a book for every Englishman, even if, like myself, he hardly knows a binnacle from a barnacle.

And now for some novels for your library list.

TITLES are frequently misleading, but *She Would and She Wouldn't* (Noel Douglas; 7*s*. 6*d*.) could not be bettered for this history of a singularly vacillating young woman. Miss Helene Eliat has written another delicate and disarmingly simple story. One keeps expecting an earthquake and experiencing a slight tremor. But the tremors are "rather fun," and the people involved in them are real people, and not figments of a novelist's imagination. And so one sympathises with the childlike Suzanne, whose passionate instinct for self-revelation prevents her from deceiving her possessive spouse as he no doubt deserves.

MR. MICHAEL SARNE has again taken a religious theme for his new novel, *The Scarlet Saint* (Stanley, Paul; 7*s*. 6*d*.). Mark Sombar, son of a renegade clergyman, promotes, for his own profit, a religious revival in an industrial town. The malleable townsfolk fall easy victims to his fiery eloquence, and eventually he presents to them an illegitimate child as a Messiah. In the upheaval which follows, he is himself overwhelmed and dies, conscience-stricken, at the hands of his erstwhile disciples, thereby expiating his sin. There are, admittedly, moments strongly reminiscent of the old Lyceum melodramas, but, for all that, Mr. Sarne has written a telling and timely indictment of certain ecclesiastical inadequacies.

THE amorous-autobiography type of novel dies hard. Its latest representative is *A Mirror for Men*, by Winifred Manners (Noel Douglas; 7*s*. 6*d*.) The heroine, true to type, records her impressions of a long and varied succession of gentlemen-friends, showing at the same time a shrewd understanding of the masculine mind. It might, in fact, be called a faithful record of infidelity. Moreover, one realises towards the end of her tale of "scalps" that, although she is now married—to a perfectly pleasant scientist—the innings is by no means declared, so to speak. This scened a pity to me. But then, who am I to cast the first stone?

This is a first novel which reveals unusual maturity of style and perception. So much so, that one feels sure Miss Manners will do a great deal better with a subject more worthy of her talents.

THE many admirers of Miss Muriel Hine will thoroughly enjoy her latest book, *Jenny Rorke* (The Bodley Head; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and will gladly renew their acquaintance with the honest and lovable little heroine of *Wild Rye*. This is a tale of a simpler sort. It tells of Jenny's triumphant emergence from the doubts and anxieties of her earlier life. The ghost of her past is finally laid when she meets her former lover and experiences complete disillusionment. Miss Hine's technique is as polished, and her psychology as penetrating, as ever.

IN *Violante* (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.) Mr. George R. Preedy bases his plot on a mystery of sixteenth-century Toulouse and takes as his central character Violante Esteban de Pomar, "La Belle Portugaise." Round this figure of almost legendary beauty, with her lovers, her murdered husband, and her sorely-tempted but implacable foe, the First President of the Parliament, Mr. Preedy weaves a fine romantic tale of love, hate, and superstitious terror, with, as background, the Toulouse of the Renaissance, rich, voluptuous, plague-stricken and fanatical.

MR. ANTHONY GILBERT is a past-master of detective fiction, and *The Long Shadow* (The Crime Club; 7*s*.6*d*.) shows him nearly at the top of his form. I say "nearly," because his dénouement has not quite that element of complete surprise one has come to expect from him. Or is it that my bloodhound instincts are unusually developed?

I AM upbraiding myself violently for having left to the last Mr. Arnold Lunn's *Within the Precincts of the Prison* (Hutchinson; 7*s*. 6*d*.), for I have nothing like enough space to devote to this quite excellent study of a man condemned to death for a crime he did not commit. I can only tell you I took it with me to bed at 11.30 p.m., and turned the last page and the light off at 2.30 a.m. "And the moral of that is . . . !"

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Horst, Paris

MADAME DE MUÑOZ, the wife of the First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Rome, wears with distinction this unusually beautiful evening gown. It is carried out in blue and white spot silk and white mousseline frills, and comes from Mainbocher

Four Methods of Making the Usual Daily Round Unusually Smart

A RED and white striped dress of jersey cut on becomingly slender lines is partnered by a short coat of brown velvet. Marshall and Snelgrove

THE diagonally striped dress above is in green and grey, with a black patent leather belt, and the long grey cloth coat has raglan sleeves. This is a Mercia model

THIS two-piece ensemble on the left is by Patou and is procurable from Marshall and Snelgrove. The coat has interesting sleeves and is of chocolate-brown cloth

IN the centre above is a Dorville model from Marshall and Snelgrove which is carried out in nigger-brown and scarlet jersey. A chic and inexpensive outfit

(Left)

CORAL-pink wool accessories enliven this ensemble of dark brown cloth from Jaeger. The skirt is so high that it covers the bust and is supported by two wide shoulder straps : over this is worn a brief bolero of hand-knitted coral-coloured wool, of which the tiny cap and the smart gauntlet gloves are also made. Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

(Right)

A LIGHT tobacco-brown woollen material with a rough surface makes this coat, which has a jutting-out shoulder cape edged with shaved lamb of the same colour. The collar is also of lamb and the point in front is fastened with a button. Just one of many inexpensive new coats at Jaegers. Photograph by Scaioni

High, Wide and Handsome

Commentaries and Suggestions

A NEW neck-line for evening wear stresses a straight, broad line, and accentuates the shoulders by shirring and puffing the material

(Top, left)

TWO very full frills in pink mousseline look enchanting as the only trimming on an evening gown of the same material

(Top, right)

A BLACK wool dress has a huge white organdie bow in front, and a black hat is trimmed with a coq's feather curling up impertinently at the back

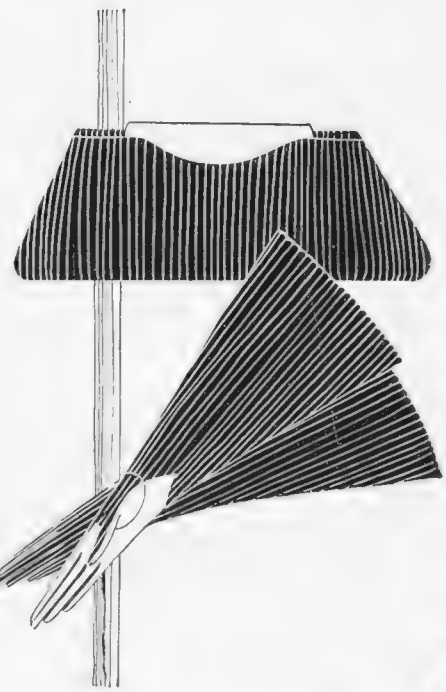
(Left)

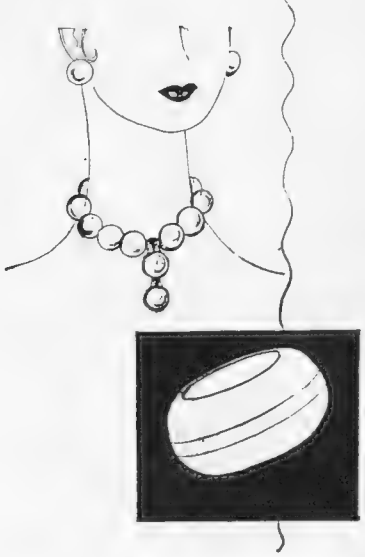
A BLACK woollen suit, worn by Madame Schiaparelli, is fastened with large metal clasps, and has a white linen scarf around the neck

(Right)

THE short jacket of the moment is often trimmed with flat bands of astrakan and sometimes has a slightly flared basque. The gloves are also astrakan trimmed

for the Confirmed Coquette





GLOVES and a bag of matching materials are very smart, particularly if of corduroy. These are of navy blue and have kid palms

(Top, left)

A WOOLLEN scarf borrows an undue amount of chic by making one side dark blue and the other scarlet and allowing both to show

(Top, right)

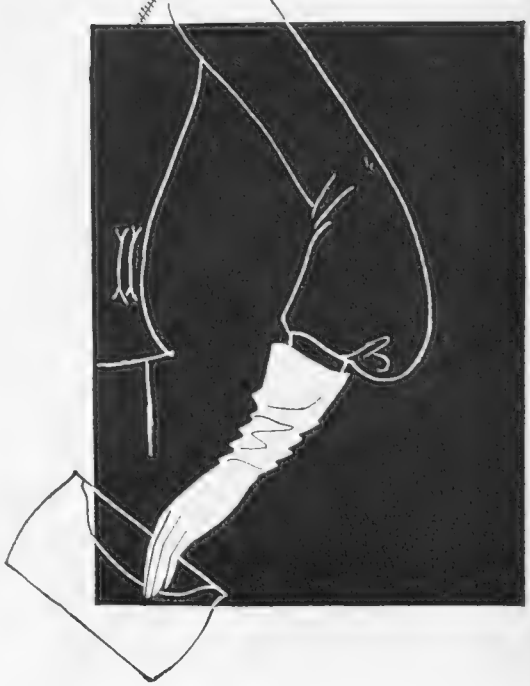
EAR-RINGS of plain, clear crystal and a necklace to match are smart; so is a thick copper and aluminium bracelet

(Left)

THIS white linen coat is worn with a black woollen dress and black gloves. A new idea of which the Riviera will hear a great deal

(Right)

A SHORT jacket, slightly flaring, a three-quarter length puff sleeve and a high fur collar is a combination to be noted and emulated



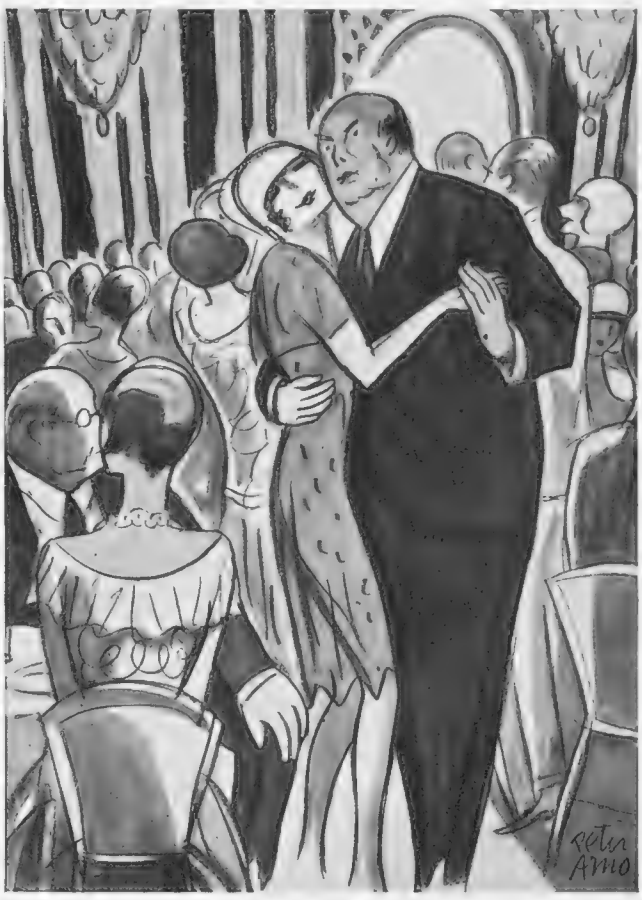
"Let's not lose our tempers, Sir!"

"Tip-over!"

Peter Arno's Pictures

PETER ARNO'S name has become famous in two hemispheres as a black-and-white draughtsman with a supreme sense of the ridiculous. It is only fitting, therefore, that an exhibition of his original drawings should be held in London, and these will be seen at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, on November the 18th onwards. He started drawing at the age of four and is completely self-taught. His first success came from "The New Yorker," to which lively paper he has since been a shining light. A reproduction of some of his more restrained drawings, carefully selected to suit the morals of BYSTANDER readers, appear on this page

"Not a very homely boat, is it?"



"You great big man. Where have you been all my life?"
"Oswego"

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters

No. 1. To the Golf World in General on Anti-Specialisation

DEAR BYSTANDER—

HERE we are, started on our career of criticism, if not of crime. My Correspondent has kept her promise, and here is her first Open Letter to the ladies' golfing world in general. She has, it seems, some pretty sweeping things to say which need not be fastened on to any golfer in particular. Or does she mean that it applies, in part, to all of them, I wonder?

MY DEAR LADY GOLFERS—

You're a jolly lot on the whole. So you ought to be: you spend your days in the open air; there are enough of you, in all conscience, to rub the corners off anybody; you're not afraid of laughing at each other, and most of you can take chaff. I wonder if you can take criticism?

This is my chief complaint against you: you take your game so mortal seriously. Ridiculous! You know it is a game: it might be business, judging by the way you play it, round and round the same old subject, as if golf were the only thing in life that mattered. As soon as you're beaten in one competition you're worrying about the next; and egotistical—of course you're egotistical: golf, unfortunately, is a selfish game. But you do listen to each other's long descriptions of how each hole went—must give you credit, at least, for being sympathetic. Clique-y? Yes. Maybe that can't be helped. The golf world is pretty big, nobody could like everybody in it, but I must say I hate some of your hot friendships which last a season only. Never know where you are. One minute A. and B. with their arms round each other's shoulders, and C. out in the cold. Next Championship A. is left lamenting and B. and C., with their arms round each other's necks, haven't a good word to say for her. Lady golfers oughtn't to be a pack of schoolgirls. Plenty of room for good staunch friendships without that sort of tommy-rot. Do you grumble? Some of you do—at your luck, at your partners. We will get down to grips with that when I tackle some of you personally. Some of you grumble that you can't afford all the open competitions that you would like. Why not try going without a few caddies, or rather fewer cocktails? Cocktails run up quite a tidy little sum in the year, if you like to do the arithmetic of them. All the better for your golf if you didn't have them.

Now I'm on the subject of Open Meetings I'm going to call a good many of you pot-hunters. Don't know particularly that it's the prize, but you do love to see your name in the paper at the head of a list. You'd rather do that than play for your club, and I don't seem to see the awful burning desire to play for your county (once you know you can) that there ought to be. International matches—that will have to come later. Have I hurled enough bricks? Perhaps they don't amount to very much, except the one about thinking golf the only thing in the world that matters. That's a thing I cannot do with. Any game is only a small thing compared to being a decent citizen and of some use to your next-door neighbour.

Yours critically, STEEL SHAFT.

EVIDENTLY my Correspondent means to speak her mind. As you know, I'm all with her over not thinking golf's the only thing in life, and that it ought to be a game and not a business: I could write reams on that text. But I do think that if one spends a good deal of time and money playing golf, whilst you are at it, for heaven's sake give your mind to it and play with all your might and main. It's sheer waste of time and money to go round from one open meeting to another if you never devote a spare half-hour to a little careful one-club practice in a quiet corner. Nor is it the slightest good wishing to be a county player or an international, or to win the championship—all of them very pleasant wishes—unless you are prepared to go through the mill with a good many beatings, a certain amount of study, and much work at the shots that you perpetually make a mess of. Only, I agree with her, having done all that, there can be too many post-mortems afterwards, and I would far rather see the lady golfer going out to a dance or a theatre, or spending some spare hours on a horse, or with a rod, or on a tennis court, or just going for a country tramp instead of spending every minute between rounds and between practice thinking and talking about golf and nothing else.

Marcus Adams

Lady Golfers and Their Children

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, though unable to devote much time to golf, shows great promise. She is seen with her daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Porter. The latter was the runner-up in the English Championship of 1930. She took up golf as an after-thought, many varied activities having previously occupied her time

Tony, the eleven-year-old son of Mrs. R. O. Porter, who, at the moment, prefers riding and fishing to golf

TALKING of versatility, what about Mrs. R. O. Porter, the runner-up in the English Championship, 1930, whose Tony enlivens us this week? Golf was quite an after-thought with her, and if you want variety it seems to me that running a pack of drag-hounds and schooling remounts before ever she took up golf, sculpture, painting dogs and horses, breeding whippets and racing them, and gardening, give a pretty good selection to choose from.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Useful Try-Out for the Dark Blues

THOSE undergraduates of Oxford University who are at present representing that great seat of learning on the golf course have every reason to be grateful to General Critchley. Recently he got up a side of amateurs to play them at Sunningdale, and, more recently still, he raised a side of amateurs and professionals who partnered each other in four-ball matches and foursomes against the University at Beaconsfield. Within the space of eight days, therefore, he provided the University with two excellent matches additional to their normal programme: two matches which, I feel, must be of great value to the individuals who are striving for a place in the dark-blue side.

IT is a well-known fact that good opposition will always bring out the best in everybody at any game, and this axiom applies with tremendous force to golf. Nearly any player of the game will tell you that he is capable of playing at his very best when he is opposed to someone who is a good deal better than himself, whereas frequently he will lose a match to an inferior player merely because of a slackness which creeps into his game and which he finds impossible to eradicate when the state of the match is getting serious and concentration is required. Now this slackness is a very bad thing, because it is liable to become ingrained and to affect a man's play for a considerable period, and not merely on the occasion when it is invited by overconfidence. Therefore, if the lads from the Universities are, week by week, drawn out by players presumably better than themselves, they should, with their additional facilities for practice, reach a standard which perhaps they have not even dreamt possible to them. The weekly matches which both Universities play against strong club teams are of the greatest use in drawing out from these University golfers the best which is in them. But equally there can be no doubt that many victories are gained by blues and near-blues over famous amateur rivals in these matches merely because of the fact that the famous man may perhaps not have had very much opportunity for playing the game in the weeks before the match, and he may go out on to the links disarmed through lack of practice and perhaps, also, through that very feeling of self-confident idleness to which I have previously referred. On the other hand, the more that young amateurs can play with and meet in friendly rivalry the best professionals in the country, the better it is for them and for their golf and they should lose no opportunity to arrange these matches.

BUT with the best will in the world, this is not at all easy, and therefore Oxford have every reason to thank General Critchley for having given them the chance of playing against the leading professionals of the country at Beaconsfield. Actually, the match was a very close one; General Critchley had collected to his banner two of the most famous amateurs in the country in Tony Torrance and Rex Hartley, and five very well-known professionals in Percy Alliss, Compston, Padgham, Lacey, and George Gadd. Each of these professionals had an amateur as a partner, and foursomes were played in the morning. At lunch-time the sides were square, each side having won one match, and the remaining three having been halved. The afternoon series of four-ball matches was very close as well, but General Critchley's side just managed to snatch victory by three wins to two defeats in this encounter. General Critchley's side, therefore, won on the whole day by one match, and although the University players were in receipt of a start of three holes up in both foursomes and four-ball matches, yet they may claim to having achieved a very meritorious performance.

THERE is no doubt that more of these matches, not necessarily against University sides, would be of very great assistance to amateur golf in this country, and perhaps also to professional. As the most humble member of General Critchley's side, I am well aware that from playing throughout the day with George Gadd I obtained many useful tips on what to avoid and what not to avoid during the game. I think that the standard of golf would improve considerably if opportunities were more frequent for amateurs to play with professionals. The Americans, after all, are far better than we are at this game of ours, and their leading amateurs play a great deal with their leading professionals in various competitions throughout the golfing season. Competitive golf itself, of course, is useful in order to pull out the best in everyone, but it seems to me that, during these winter months, when there is no competitive golf, much could be done by matches such as that arranged by General Critchley wherein an amateur has the benefit and pleasure of playing with a professional as his partner, and deriving instruction not merely from the hints that may be dropped from time to time during the round, but by the constant spectacle of a master displaying his wares. The various excellent "days in the country" provided by the tournaments regularly arranged by the various alliances, do much to fill this want, and are of very great use to those amateurs who can get away in the middle of the week. But it should not be forgotten that most of our leading amateurs in this country are hard-working men who have no opportunity to take a day off from work in the middle of the week; these would welcome a chance for a game of the type recently played at Beaconsfield over the week-end.

R. B. Foster and Lieut.-Commander H. MacMaster, a pair who represented Addington

Oxford University Play Golf Against Addington

J. H. Robinson and C. R. Stevens, who played for Oxford

Sir H. Gillies, one of the Addington players

P. A. Booth (Oxford) and Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon (Addington)

G. H. Micklem, another of the Oxford team

Photographs Bertram Lary

By Gadd, what a fight Joe Fairlie and George Gadd had against A. G. N. Robinson and A. E. W. Henderson

Col. Weddell, Secretary of Beaconsfield, who so ably looked after the arrangements

E. H. Moss and J. J. F. Pennink were very pleased with the result—or what they saw of it

Below: Archie Compston, with comic hat, travelled all over every part of the course

Rex Hartley was two down on hair to K A. S. Morrice and A. J. Lacey

General Critchley and Padgham had quite enough of E. L. Dunnett and P. W. Morse for one day

Berry, the green-keeper, showed those undergraduates how to wear plus-fours

Right: C. Middleton getting down to the line of the putt

General Critchley's Team v. Oxford University

Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, secures more victims

A picturesque Baluchi, the leader of the refuelling team at Gwadar, poses for his photograph. Gwadar is a desert aerodrome on the Imperial route to India, situated midway between Karachi and the nearest air-mail halt on the Arabian coast, where refuelling stations have been established

A Royal Air Liner

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Latest Machine for Private Touring

THE announcement that the Prince of Wales had ordered a large twin-engined machine, the Vickers "Viastra," as an addition to the Royal fleet, came as a complete surprise in official circles. The "Viastra" is unique in the matter of its power unit, being designed for one, two, or three engines. With a single Armstrong-Siddeley "Leopard" of 850 horse-power, it can fly level at 150 miles an hour, whilst three "Jupiter" engines give it a speed of 152, carrying a larger load for a greater distance. The machine for the Prince of Wales will be fitted with two Bristol "Pegasus" engines, the type used to secure for Great Britain the world's altitude record. These will be sufficiently powerful to enable the "Viastra" to maintain height easily with one engine out of action, and the machine is, of course, large enough to carry a crew, five or six passengers, and ample luggage. West Australian Airways have operated "Viastra" air-liners over their desert route from Perth to Adelaide for some time, and recently a record flight was made over the 1450-mile stage in ten flying hours, the machine carrying thirteen passengers. At the present time, four machines are owned by the Royal household, two Puss Moths, and two open two-seater Gipsy Moths, which are used by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George. The "Viastra" is built entirely of metal, even to the wing covering, and will have special silencing material incorporated in its structure. A powerful radio transmitting and receiving set is to be installed, so that the machine will be always in communication with ground stations.

A Private Hire Service

IT has been left to Brian Lewis and his company to perfect a scheme whereby licensed pilots can hire machines from private owners. Quite often an owner finds that he cannot use his machine, perhaps for some weeks, and he may wish to defray some of his overheads by making it earn money. The average hiring charge for a two-seater is three guineas a day, or from forty to sixty pounds a month, with proportionate rates for intermediate periods. Insurance is, of course, additional, and the premium depends mostly on the ability of the pilot and, to a lesser extent, on the type of flying he proposes to undertake. An inspection by a Ground Engineer must always precede the charter of a machine, but this can be arranged at small cost, either at Heston or Hooton Park. Briefly, the service which Brian Lewis has to offer consists of putting owners in touch with pilots and vice versa by means of a Register, and those interested would be well advised to get in touch with his company in London, at 30, Conduit Street, or with the service managers at either of the aerodromes mentioned.

An Air Christmas

THE first air sign of the festive season has appeared in the form of a double number of our youthful contemporary, *Popular Flying*. Pictures of the war in the air, Richthofen's last flight, fiction, Croydon Calling, and a specially interesting account of the Canadian Arctic Air Mail are some of the features of interest. The analysis, by counties, of where to fly, reveals the extraordinary lack of organised aerodromes in this country.

Ten counties in England alone have no landing ground of any kind; one county in Wales has two civil aerodromes and one has an R.A.F. station; whilst in Scotland there are four counties only with aerodromes. This is a lamentable state of affairs, and one which cannot have too much publicity in the hope that local authorities will make some effort to provide facilities for handling air transport. If it had not been for the enterprise of the Automobile Association, the number of landing grounds would have been very much smaller than it is at present. Every town in the country must have at least one good site in the neighbourhood, and, if this is not a ready-made aerodrome, it could, no doubt, be converted at small cost. One would have thought that the national tours of Sir Alan Cobham, Captain Charles Barnard, and other pilots, would have stimulated local interest in flying to the point of establishing a permanent ground where machines could operate. Our failure as a nation to provide facilities for air transport must be due to lack of foresight and initiative, and we shall pay dearly for this sin of omission in years to come.

Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth, holder of the world's speed record of 407 miles an hour, seated in the cabin of the "Pterodactyl." This strange machine without a tail is still experimental, but it has great possibilities, being able to hover in a moderate breeze as well as fly level at a hundred miles an hour

Winter Fixtures

ON Friday, December 9, the de Havilland Technical School holds its annual dance at the Portman Rooms. This is one of the biggest indoor functions held during the winter season, and is attended by all the bright young things associated with the many de H. enterprises. A good band, excellent eats and drinks, with lots of fun from novelty items, are always provided. The London Aeroplane Club dines and dances at the Park Lane Hotel as usual, the fixture being arranged this year for Wednesday, December 14. Tickets may be obtained from Stag Lane, or from the Royal Aero Club. Brooklands has felt the need for its own magazine, the first issue of which was made last month. It is well supported with facts, good pictures, and some interesting history of the personalities who have made Brooklands known throughout the world which flies.

Right: An after-lunch photograph of the shooting party at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, Lord Burnham's place, when M. Flandin was staying with Sir Gomer Berry: at the back, Lord Cromer, Mr. Lionel Berry, Lord Cavan, Mr. du Plessis, M. Flandin, former French Finance Minister, Sir Gomer Berry, M. Louis van der Heyden à Hauzeur, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. R. A. Walter; in front, Mrs. du Plessis, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mme. Flandin, Lady Berry, Lady Cavan, and Mme. Louis van der Heyden à Hauzeur

Sir Gomer Berry's Party at Hall Barn

A. Owen

The Hon. Jock and Mrs. Leslie had a shooting party recently at Coombe Court, near Witley; above are Mrs. Leslie and Major Denton Carlisle

A Cheshire Shoot: Capesthorne Hall

Above: Sir William Bromley Davenport, and some of his guns at Capesthorne Hall for the first day of the pheasant shooting season there: Lord Brownlow, the Hon. Richard Leigh, the host, Mr. Hodgson Roberts, Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell, and Brig.-General Makins

Bang!

Pheasant Shooting Again

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte were two of the Hon. Jock and Mrs. Leslie's guests at the shoot at Coombe Court, Surrey

A. Owen

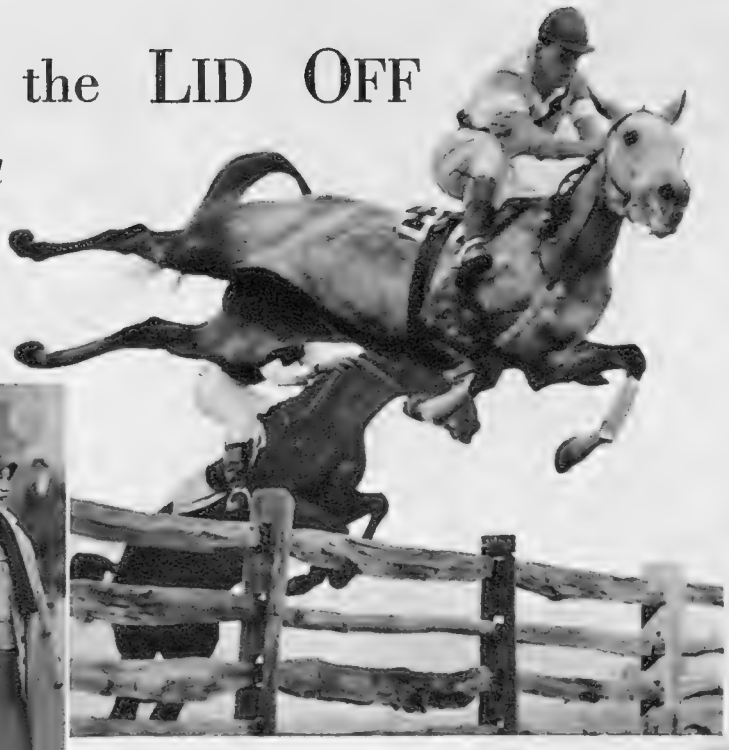
Surrey Coverts

Two more photographs taken between stands at Coombe Court: on the left is Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp, and above are the Hon. Jock Leslie, the host, and Mr. Peter Ackroyd

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank Fair, and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"



The Start of a Crash

Mr. Bliss Flaccus on his mount, Girofles, taking a bad spill during the running of the Wilmerding Memorial Steeplechase at the Essex Fox Hounds Race Meet at Far Hills, N.J. The rider sustained a wrenched shoulder

Mrs. Judd, Mrs. Cecil Bury, and Mrs. Raphael at the meet of the Whaddon Chase at Shenley Brook End, near Bletchley

AMATEUR football is staggering a little from the jolt it received by the report of the Barking F.C. inquiry; boxing champions are hurling challenges at one another recklessly; the University Rugby teams are warming up for the great game at Twickenham, and all we think and talk about in the sporting world is the form of the M.C.C. team in Australia.

Perhaps that is a slight exaggeration. We may spare a few words for these lesser affairs; we may even throw in a phrase or two about "Tote" clubs now and again, but, on the whole, cricket is the topic of the day. And most of us, I fancy, are a little surprised. We hardly dared hope that this M.C.C. team would acquit itself so gallantly. There's no getting away from it—despite our national inclination towards pessimism, we really are doing rather well in Australia. Even in Melbourne the odds, if anything, are slightly in favour of England's chances in the coming Test matches. And, taking it by and large, our chances surely are pretty good.

To begin with, our batting is at least as strong as that of Australia, however much we may fear the phenomenal Bradman. And I think, on present form, Hammond seems likely to be a pretty effective counter to the Bradman menace. What a glorious innings Hammond must have played against Victoria—twenty-odd fours, and a six—and Fleetwood-Smith, the left-hand googly mystery merchant, flayed into the middle of next week! There is no more majestic batsman than the mature Hammond at his best, and Australia is his happy hunting-ground. Good luck to him!

THEN with Sutcliffe, the Nawab of Pataudi, Jardine and Leyland we have no need to fear the Australian attack, and this brings us to the encouraging fact that in bowling we undoubtedly appear to have the pull. Australia cannot find a class fast bowler, whereas we have Larwood, Allen and Bowes, with Tate and Voce also well above medium pace. Australia's trump card is Grimmett, of course, and it may be that O'Reilly, a slow spinner, will prove troublesome, but really the Australian attack is hardly impressive. England, in short, should take the field brimful of confidence, and that is half the battle.

NOW for the boxing boys, and, in particular, Len Harvey, who is exceedingly active just now. He has recently thrown out a challenge, duly ignored, to Jack Doyle; now I hear he is challenging Petersen for the cruiser-weight title, and in the meanwhile he has agreed to defend his own middle-weight title against Jack Casey. These are all signs that Harvey has realised that he has reached a critical stage in his career. I hope they indicate also that he intends to show us that he can fight as well as box. If only he would introduce aggression into his tactics, he might easily win the world's middle-weight championship, now held by Marcel Thil, of France. He is exceptionally strong, this Harvey, and if he is really determined to make full use of his strength he may yet surprise us. He began his new activities brightly enough last week by knocking out Theo Sas, a moderate though tough performer, in a fight which only lasted one round.

Mr. W. M. Clark, the Hon. Mrs. A. Bonham-Carter, Lady Grenfell, and Lord Grenfell at the Kennel Club's Retriever Trials, held at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants

Oxford University Ice-Hockey Team, last season's champions, and undefeated this year in the Ice-Hockey League. Back Row: A. S. Leach, L. A. Watson, E. R. Hopkins, J. E. Coyne, O. A. Gratias. Front Row: J. D. Babbitt, G. H. Johnson, H. Little (Capt.), E. A. McCourt, and A. H. Humble

THEN Petersen is booked to meet Schonrath, of Germany, at the beginning of January. Schonrath is a useful second-rater, and it is worth noting that Young Stribling beat him very easily. Still, he will enable us to see whether Petersen has benefited by his sea-trip, which will be interesting enough.

AND then there is that volatile Irishman, Jack Doyle, learning his stuff from the astute François Descamps. Personally, I cannot believe that Descamps and Doyle will mix very well, though I suppose there is an outside chance that Doyle will pick up a few valuable hints about protecting that apparently vulnerable jaw of his. Descamps is certainly a wise bird, and I shall watch his tuition of Doyle with considerable curiosity.

PASSING for a moment to Association football, I must say that the result of the enquiry into the affairs of the Barking F. C. was, to put it mildly, somewhat disturbing. It was found, you will remember, that Rule 29 of the Football Association regarding payments to amateurs had not been complied with, and no less than nineteen Barking players were declared to be professionals. Now the transgression of Rule 29 may not have been serious in the sense that the players made a great deal of money by representing Barking; on the other hand, it is extremely serious as indicating that members of so famous an amateur club are prepared to commercialise their skill. The whole affair is unfortunate and unsavoury, and emphasises again the need for vigilance in this matter of shamateurism.

IN the professional "Soccer" world the topic of the moment is the forthcoming international match between Austria and England at Stamford Bridge. Absurd though it may sound, this match has considerable political importance, and it is most desirable that England should win. It happens to be true, and I have had incontestable official confirmation of this, that England's national status in Europe would be considerably affected by a defeat on the football field. England, we should learn from Continental newspapers, is losing grip; the English morale is shaken by the world crisis, and even her athletes are declining. England, in short, would sink a stage further towards being reckoned as a second-rate Power, and we cannot afford to lose prestige even in this grotesque manner. This may seem far-fetched, but I can assure you that it is not even a slight exaggeration. I don't deny that it suggests a sadly warped sense of proportion in our European friends, but the fact remains that England must win at Stamford Bridge. And this is easier said than done, for these Austrians are exceedingly clever players.

Massed instruction for members of the Oxford University Boxing Club at their new headquarters at Oxford by their trainer, Mr. Ernie Izzard

A fine save by the Wimbledon goalkeeper during the match between Wimbledon and Cambridge University, won by the former team

W. D. C. Erskine Crum, President of the O.U.B.C., at No. 3 in the Oxford boat, talking to the Secretary, W. H. Migotti, who undertook the coaching. Oxford hope for a long-looked-for victory in 1933

FINALLY, may I bring to your notice an anthology of stories, essays, and poems dealing with Rugby football, collected by my colleague, Howard Marshall? *Rugger Stories* (Putnam; 5s.), the book is called, and it contains contributions by such well-known authors as J. B. Priestley, Hugh Walpole, P. G. Wodehouse, John Buchan, and Liam O'Flaherty. I must admit that I had no idea that so much lively, entertaining stuff had been written about Rugby football, and if you are a follower of the game, I think I can promise that you will thoroughly enjoy Mr. Marshall's book.

I AM asked to state that the Jubilee dinner of The Casuals F.C. will be held on Saturday, January 7th, 1933, at the May Fair Hotel, London, W., with Lieut.-Col. M. Morgan Owen, D.S.O., in the chair. All old members of the Club whose present addresses are unknown to the executive are asked to communicate with Mr. S. F. Hepburn, Captain, The Casuals F.C., 7, Pancras Lane, London, E.C.4, in order that full details of the arrangements for the dinner may be sent to them.

I. A. R. Peebles, the Middlesex cricketer, who discusses the English Test team in the following article

Introducing —

Ian Peebles

on

CRICKET

Test Match Probables and Personalities

ALTHOUGH the feeling of safety inspired by the large number of cricketers we have sent to Australia must be most reassuring to the public, it seems to me that it is very soon going to be the cause of some embarrassment to the selectors. Every one seems to be showing his best form and moving the pundits to little ecstasies of satisfaction—the one variation from this high pitch of excellence being an uncertain start by Leslie Ames. If there is any doubt as to his form it will in no way simplify matters.

It looks as if the struggle will be largely in the hands of the "old brigade." Both sides will depend upon much the same batting orders to No. 6 as in the last series, and England must still regard Larwood as the vanguard of her attack, while Australia again depends on Grimmett for a foundation.

THE first problem to be tackled is who is to partner Herbert Sutcliffe, and should be settled by sending Leyland in first. Wyatt has doubtless got many admirable qualities for an opening batsman, not the least being quite inexhaustible patience, but these are outweighed by the fact that Leyland is a particularly unsettling type of left-hander.

If Pataudi goes in No. 3, the order is now absolutely clear down to No. 5—Hammond and Jardine being Nos. 4 and 5. Here arises another snag which will give every correspondence-column selector a pretty restless week. At the moment of writing, Ames, on form, has not batted sufficiently well to over-rule Duckworth's superiority as a wicket-keeper. However, in my big-hearted way, I have decided to take a chance on this and give him preference.

THE place of No. 7 is reserved for an all-rounder, and the choice falls between Allen and Wyatt. When I have revealed the rest of this side to my breathlessly expectant public it will be seen that we have already got two fast bowlers, so Wyatt is the man because he can provide variation as a bowler and is a better bat and fielder. Talking of "Tubby" Allen and Australians reminds me of a painful incident I witnessed when last I played with both. It was six o'clock, and Don Bradman, in playing back at "The Metropolitan trundler," gave second slip a very easy catch, which was immediately flung to the ground. There was a certain amount of hostile comment from the rest of the field, and the slip thought it was time he said something in his own defence. Accordingly, at the end of the over, he approached the bowler and asked him sharply why he didn't bowl at the wicket!

D. R. Jardine

England's Captain in Australia —the right man in the right place

NO. 8 is Harold Larwood, and in my humble opinion the result of the Test Matches will depend upon his measure of success against the first four Australian batsmen. His pace is as great as ever, and if his knee is equal to the strain imposed on it by the hardness of the ground, he will be the backbone of our bowling. On the last trip it was rumoured that Ponsford was not too fond of his extra yard or two of pace, but judging from the last innings I saw him play against Larwood he has overcome any dislike he had for fast bowling.

There are still, however, a number of batsmen in this country who cherish a very healthy fear where the Nottingham "man-eater" is concerned. One prudent fellow encountered him on a fiery wicket last season and, after due consideration, decided that bodily well-being was worth quite a lot of honour and glory in these times of depression. He arrived at the wicket, and, after one or two narrow shaves, cut the ball down to third slip, who picked it up and was preparing to return it when, to everyone's surprise, the striker was seen to be stepping smartly in the direction of the pavilion.

"Oi," said the fielder, "come back! I didn't catch that."

"I saw you catch it, all right," said the swiftly retiring batsman. "Anyway, I'm off!"

BUT I have digressed from the solemn duty in hand, which, is to fill the last three places. As a new-ball bowler I would have Voce rather than Bowes, because he is left-handed and is greatly superior as a batsman and fielder. Voce is also the best cover-point in the whole side.

VERITY is an automatic choice, and will make a capital stock bowler. The wicket will probably be plumb and hard, in which case we can rely on him to give nothing away, while on the other hand he is our most destructive bowler on a soft wicket.

A googly or, at least, a leg-break bowler we must have, and we are fortunate to find one in such an able all-rounder as Freddy Brown. He hits the ball hard enough to demoralise even classic Grimmett if he is allowed to start—which is quite probable on a hard wicket.

I hear they are betting 6-4 on Australia—anyway, here's hoping.

"The More They Are Together . ."

Sutcliffe and Leyland, both of Yorkshire, who are tipped to be our opening batsmen in the Test matches in Australia. Sutcliffe has already shown fine form

The Standard "Little Twelve" is distinctly a "good-looker" with its pleasing lines. The coach-work is comfortably roomy

CARS with a Personality

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Standard "Little Twelve"

Below, right: The instruments are seen neatly grouped and the controls all come readily to hand

Although officially known as the "little" Twelve, this car seats four people comfortably, and there is no lack of knee-room for the passengers in the back seats

THE ordinary motorist, I suppose, does not take a great deal of interest in the financial side of the motoring industry. Were he to do so, however, he would discover that there is no firm at the moment flourishing more vigorously than the Standard Motor Company, of Coventry. There are, of course, reasons for this. The modern Standard car is good-looking, economical, and offers a wide choice of different models.

Thus there are two 12-h.p. chassis: one large and suitable for commodious coachwork, the other small and handy. It was the "Little Twelve" which I recently tested, and a very efficient little car it proved to be. Despite its name, the coachwork was by no means cramped, and there was space within the saloon for four full-grown people.

MY only criticism was that the arrangement of the controls was not ideal. I was not able to discover any convenient position for my left foot, which I was forced to rest upon the clutch pedal. Also the accelerator and brake pedals seemed rather close together. My wife, who also drove, reported no difficulty whatever, and was inclined to lay the blame on the unreasonable size of my feet!

On the road, the Standard impressed me chiefly by reason of its obvious willingness to "go." The particular car loaned to me had not been fully "run in," so that I had to exercise some restraint in driving it; but I obtained 50 m.p.h. from it comfortably, and formed the impression that a maximum around 60 m.p.h. should be possible.

THE 12-h.p. engine is of the small six-cylinder type and is remarkably silent and smooth. Considering its size, it is very flexible, and it is not often that the lower gears are needed. The gear-box, however, is an excellent one, having a very useful "third," which is practically silent and notably simple to engage. On one or two occasions, as sometimes happens with a new and therefore slightly stiff gear-box, I pushed the gear-lever beyond the "neutral" position in commencing a change "down." In each case, though I touched "third" unintentionally, the gears immediately engaged without any apparent protest.

The steering is very light and pleasant, and the brakes combine power with an admirable degree of smoothness. Resilient springing

The front doors are wide and this, with the central position of the controls, makes the car easy to enter and leave. A pleasant feature

An excellent feature: The greasing nipples are conveniently grouped in an easily-accessible position, as will be noticed in the picture above

is easily obtained even from the smallest cars, but to ensure both comfort at low speeds and freedom from "pitching" at high, with a wheelbase of only eight feet, is a really notable achievement. The price of the "Little Twelve" must also be classed, in these days, among its numerous attractive features. The saloon model, selling at less than £200, is unquestionably a first-rate value-for-money proposition

Heather (No. 1) and Fine Fancy Dear (No. 2) in action in the 700-yards Trials at Harringay

Greyhound Racing

By "White Citizen"

An item in the White City programme for a very recent meeting has, no doubt, caught the eye of those patrons of the sport who were present on the night in question. I give this item in its entirety: it is headed "THE PUBLIC DEMAND," and goes on to say that "*From Monday onwards* (this refers to November the 14th) *followers of the sport will be getting a longer run for their money. Graded races over seven hundred yards will be staged frequently at Harringay and at the White City, and this innovation has taken place because of the popularity of this distance.*"

Now I will ask you to cast your minds back to my notes which appeared in the issue of THE BYSTANDER dated November 2nd, when I stated that the *Daily Mirror* Trophy, apart from its other features, was a particularly interesting and popular event with the greyhound racing public because of the fact that it was run over the seven hundred yards distance, which rewards the gameness and the intelligence of racing greyhounds as opposed to mere speed only. While I am not sufficiently conceited to claim that my article has brought about the notice in that White City programme, yet I feel justified in claiming some little percentage of whatever credit there may be. The innovation is bound to please the public, for in these longer distances a dog has a chance of proving its intelligence and its grit — qualities which make for favourites with everyone.

Another pleasing feature of these longer races is that a dog which has been interfered with at the first or second bends and may have lost several lengths as a result, has the chance of making up for this bad luck and perhaps winning a race which it would have lost at the 525 yards winning post. I heartily congratulate the Greyhound Racing Association on this decision to give the public more of what it wants, and I myself look forward to these longer races with keen anticipation.

My readers must forgive me for rather stressing on this page the matter of privately arranged matches between the owners of well-known dogs. I am aware that last week I discussed this at some length. This is the first opportunity, however, that I have had of talking about Wild Woolley's much-boomed match with Trinidad, which took place at the White City. Wild Woolley has only twice recently made an appearance on London tracks since his classic victories. At Harringay the other day he ran a match against Queen of the Suir, the well-known bitch which won this year's race for the Oaks. On that occasion odds were freely laid on Wild Woolley and the dog won his match with ridiculous ease. Against Trinidad there was an even greater interest in the outcome, for nobody had expected Queen of the Suir to give him a good race, whereas Trinidad is supposed to be one of the most likely competitors for next year's classics. Odds were again freely laid on Wild Woolley, but there was a certain backing for Trinidad, who, I confess, looks a nice enough dog. The outcome of the match, however, was never in doubt, for Wild Woolley went away to a good start and clung to the rails throughout the race, winning at his ease in the good time of 29.70 seconds. Wild Woolley is certainly a very great dog, and his girl friend, Melksham Grisel, must be very proud of him.

On the same evening, at the White City, Brigadier-General Critchley's dog, Matchells Martin, put up a new track record for the 550-yards, hurdles by completing the distance in 32.51 seconds, and winning comfortably from an odds-on rival in Rule the Roost and the well-backed Carraroe. Cowboy the Second was the fourth dog in the race. Matchells Martin goes from strength to strength. Originally bought with a view to the Derby of this year, the dog was unable to complete its training for this event, and appeared later in one or two flat races, without success, before being put over the hurdles. I wonder if General Critchley will bless the day when this occurred, for his dog, after an unimpressive start in his first races, is now hurdling rather better than any that I have seen on the track, and since he obviously has speed as well as intelligence, he may develop into a second Long Hop.

A Match King and a Rival

On the left is Disorder, and on the right Wild Woolley, the Derby winner, who ran against each other, for £100 a side, in a privately arranged match recently. Wild Woolley continues to justify the enthusiasm of his backers and is, without doubt, a champion

NOVEMBER, 1932

21st to 30th inclusive

21st **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.

22nd **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Shows. Whitchurch Dairy Show, Salop.

23rd **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Shows. Whitchurch Dairy, Salop. Flower Show, Royal Horticultural Hall. Stoke-on-Trent Fat Stock.
Hockey. Berkshire v. Hampshire. Sussex v. Surrey. Kent v. Oxford.
Badminton. London Championships, Logan Club.

24th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting.
Shows. Sutton and District Canine Show, Crystal Palace. Cage Bird Exhibition, Norwich. American Society in London's Banquet and Ball.
Boxing. Times B.C., Stadium Club.
Golf. American Golfing Society in London.

25th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting. Hurst Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Cage Bird Exhibition, Norwich.
Badminton. London Championships, Logan Club.

26th **Racing.** Manchester Meeting (November Handicap). Hurst Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show, Birmingham.
Rugby. Lancashire v. Durham, Manchester. Cheshire v. Yorkshire, Birkenhead. Upper Clapton v. Brighton, Bush Hill Park. Harlequins v. Blackheath, Twickenham.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Beckenham, Wimbledon. Richmond v. Blackheath, Richmond.
Motor Cycling. Lancashire Grand National.
Assoc. Football. Competition Proper 1st Round F.A. Cup. Qualifying Competition Final Ties, Scottish F.A. Cup.
Swimming. A.D.A. Junior Championships, Marshall Street Baths, London.

28th **Racing.** Birmingham Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show.
Billiards. Davis v. Newman, Thurstons.

29th **Racing.** Birmingham Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show. Tonbridge Fat Stock, Tonbridge.

30th ST. ANDREW'S DAY.
Racing. Kempton Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Cattle Show.
Boxing. W. Division Metropolitan Police, Balham Baths.

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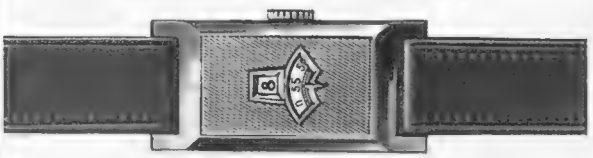
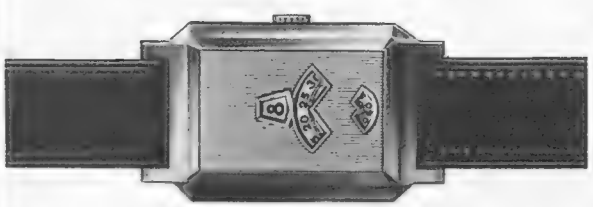


Chromium Plated Silver - - £3.15.0
9 Carat Gold - - - - £7.0.0
18 Carat Gold - - - - £9.0.0

Chromium Plated Silver - - £3.15.0
9 Carat Gold - - - - £7.0.0



9 Carat Gold - - - - £11.0.0
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At the Corner of Glasshouse Street—No other address

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 349)*

Riviera Nights

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and George Robey, plus his Sancho Panza beard, having an evening out at Dressler's, in Monte Carlo

American who was corrected by an Englishman for his pronunciation of Cirencester, Cholmondeley, and Marjoribanks, and finally asked him whether he had been to Canada or the United States. "Oh, yes," said the Englishman, "I have been to the Niagara Falls." "Pardon me," said the American gently, "we pronounce that 'Nuffles.'"

IT is curious how one may see the same person night after night after a break of weeks. Last week I saw Lady Brecknock with her husband and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at the Café de Paris. The next evening she was at the British Motor-Boat Club dinner at the Park Lane Hotel, and then I met her the day after at a cocktail party. At the dinner, as wife of the Commodore, she had to give away no fewer than two hundred prizes and trophies. Some of these were extremely heavy and large, and Lady Brecknock had to stand holding them while the winners made their way from distant tables. Next day she said her arms and wrists were terribly stiff. I am not surprised. But what a hunting-ground for the man who likes to decorate his table with silver!

ONE of the largest houses in London, though you would never guess it from its exterior, is 53, Grosvenor Street. When Lord Hillingdon had it, there was accommodation for twenty-six indoor servants, as well as stables for twelve horses and a garage for six motor-cars. It extends a whole block towards Mount Street. Out of it the Marchesa Malacrida and her husband, who bought it, have made six separate flats, and there is still room for a restaurant. One of the guests I met at dinner there the other night was Mr. Samuel Courtauld, who has bought a house next to St. Mark's, North Audley Street. My host is responsible for the interior decoration, which ought, consequently, to be very attractive.

IN our issue of November 2, under a picture of Miss Joan Page, taken previous to her departure by aeroplane to the Cape, it was stated that the R.A.F. would escort Miss Page and her companion, Miss Sale Barker, across the Sudanese Desert. I now learn that no Air Force escort was ever contemplated, and regret that the information supplied with the photograph was incorrect.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

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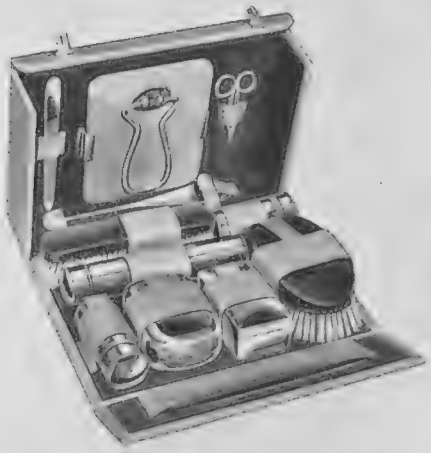

Brown Hide "Compactus" Ebony and Nickel fittings £4-17-6

Lady's Morocco leather dressing Case, lined moire, size 18" x 12½" x 6" with plain silver fittings on lift-out standard, £15-0-0

Pigskin "Compactus" Ivory brushes, Ivory mounted, bottles, etc. £20-0-0

Lady's Pigskin "Compactus" Ivory brushes, silver-mounted, bottles, etc. £15-0-0

Gentlemen's brown hide fall-front Case, lined leather—Size 18" x 14" x 6½"

Engine-turned silver fittings £18-12-6

Engine-turned silver & figured ebony Brushes £17-5-0

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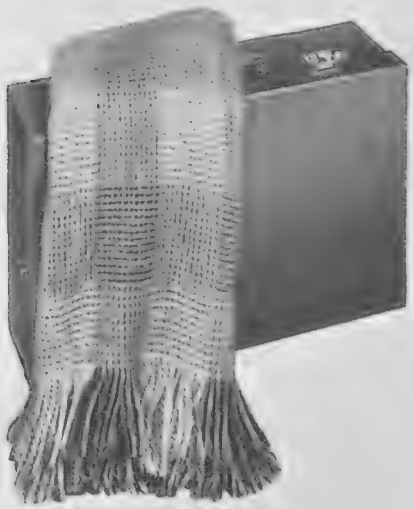
Pigskin "Compactus" with "Zip" fastening—Brown wood brushes, Chromium Plated bottles, etc. £6-15-0



Lady's Light weight Blouse case, Morocco leather, 20" x 12¾" x 5¾" £4-15-0

Hand woven Shetland Wool rug £2

Special Cases made to order.

Cases made to take Customers' own fittings.

Gentlemen's Light weight Suit case, Brown hide & 8 leather corners — lined drill. Size 28" x 18" x 8" £6-15-0

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"WAVES OF THOUGHT."

From a Vaporous Dream Emerges the Reality Of A Perfect Permanent Wave.

MODERN Fashion is essentially comprehensive and communal: every detail is of importance, and the best dress in the world is not independent of the attendant shoes, stockings, gloves and hat; and the hat of the moment demands, imperatively, a perfect coiffure. Even if it does not rule the heart, the head most emphatically rules the ensemble to-day!

No woman who is not a celebrity in her own right (of course, you think of Greta Garbo, Lady Melchett, Dodie Smith and G. B. Stern!) dares to face the world or the camera unwaved, unshingled and unset!

ANY development in the art of converting straight hair into charming waves and curls, amenable to fashionable arrangement, is therefore of interest, which accounts for the rapidly growing demand for the Va-Per marcel method sponsored by the Sartory Company.

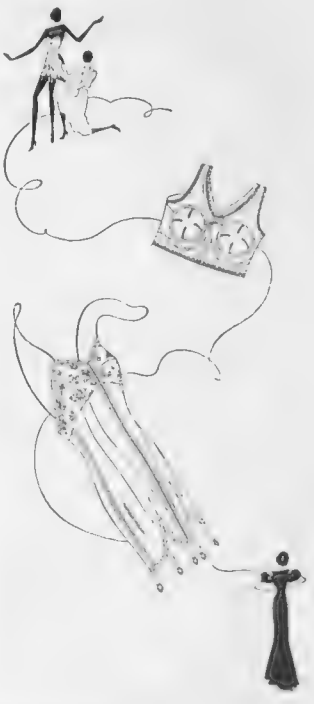
The new system of steam-waving eliminates the use of sachets, strings and clips, and, owing to the fact that more hair can be wound on each curler, takes much less time than other systems of permanent waving.

MOIST steam heat is substituted for direct heat and electricity and, by an ingenious device, the temperature is automatically regulated and cannot rise above a certain pre-determined point, so that there is no danger of even the finest and most delicate hair being dried, broken, or affected in colour. The apparatus is portable and much less cumbersome than other permanent-waving installations, and the resultant wave is soft and pliable and therefore particularly amenable to arrangement in the loose and supple waves and curls which predominate in the newest hairdressing fashions.

AN important point about the new steam-waving system is that the customer is much less dependent on the expertise of the individual hairdresser. In the early days permanent waving could be a triumph or a catastrophe, according to the technique of the operator, but, since the temperature in the Va-Per system is automatically regulated, there can be no danger of the heat being applied for too long or insufficiently, so that a perfect permanent wave is assured without discomfort for the client or anxiety for the hairdresser.

THE technical achievement of the Sartory Va-Per system may be primarily of interest to the hairdressers, but its ultimate and universal adoption depends on the demand of their customers, and, to the more sensitive, who dread the lengthy and, in some cases, inevitably painful process of the essential periodic permanent wave, the quicker and more comfortable steam-heating process is a welcome development in the progressive art of modern hairdressing.

A revolution in corsetry has been effected by Madame Maud of Baker Street, whose "Beautiform" fulfils the function both of corset and brassière. This excellent garment is made to order, and every idiosyncracy of the individual figure is carefully and scientifically considered, but, thanks to Madame Maud's ingenious measurement-chart, provincial and colonial readers can be assured of absolutely successful results. A "Beautiform" in English gauze and Valenciennes lace, with a zip fastener up the front, costs 8½ guineas, and can be guaranteed to last three years. A brassière of the same materials, which not only moulds the figure to perfection, but also reduces it, costs 2½ guineas



The Doggy World

Twelve Hundred Years Ago: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IT is very interesting to realise that many of our dogs, as we know them to-day, existed many hundreds of years ago, and there are still examples of pottery models of dogs and horses dating back to the days of the Han, Wei and T'ang Dynasties.

Some of the dogs are easily recognisable; for instance, there is a perfectly good "Alsatian" belonging to the T'Ang Dynasty, with a bushy tail and typical body, and the T'Ang Dynasty flourished about the seventh century, and there are greyhounds belonging to the T'Ang and Wei Dynasties. It is rather interesting to see the figures and to speculate upon the originals in those far-away days. In the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto, where there is a very large collection of these pottery figures, there are several dogs that appear to be of no known breed, but it is very possible that they were representations of somebody's pet dog, for the Chinese made portraits of contemporary horses, and there was one celebrated horse, called Red Cloud, who is mentioned in the chronicles of the time, and whose "bust" is now in the Museum.

THE Spitz variety is very predominant, which is not surprising, the Spitz being one of the oldest breeds of dogs and the original herd-dog of Northern Europe, although people are apt to think of them as only sledge-dogs, a development which is of a much later period. The Samoyede is primarily a herd-dog; contrary to what is often said, none of the explorers have found him to be of much use as a sledge-dog, being too light in bone, and altogether not strong enough. The Keeshond is also a guard-dog, and has never been used for traction, and the elk-hound and the Finnish Spitz are used for sport.

So it is not surprising that there are many representations of this, one of the first to be domesticated dogs, and we can imagine the dog in the life of the very civilised Chinese of those days, or else with the wild Mongols and Khirgiz of the Northern steppes, herding the flocks and guarding them from the menace of wolves. To this day, descendants of these dogs roam the Pamirs, and are one of the greatest enemies of the Ovis poli, those grand sheep of the mountains.

There is probably not very much difference between those dogs of long ago and the ordinary cross-bred dog of to-day, that is to say, in the matter of character. It is true that the show-dog may have lost much of its intelligence, but the ordinary mongrel is as sharp and clever as a monkey, and if you allowed the show-dog to run wild for a few months, it would either die or develop sufficient sense to look after itself.

On the Bench

The three judges at the Kennel Club's Retriever Trials at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, were the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hill Wood, Colonel C. Heseltine, and Lorna, Countess Howe

I WAS once accompanied on what my immediate family refer to as "one of Kitty's mad expeditions" by a most highly bred collie, so highly bred that her head was like a wedge of cake. However, we were rather short of food, so "Tara" went hungryish, while at home she was accustomed to the most dainty food. In a week she was supplying, not only her own larder, but making substantial contributions to mine, and also proving an excellent and most efficient guard to the camp — she who at home was so nervous that she ran away from cats! So I expect that there is not much difference between our dogs and those of twelve hundred years ago.

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY APPOINTMENT

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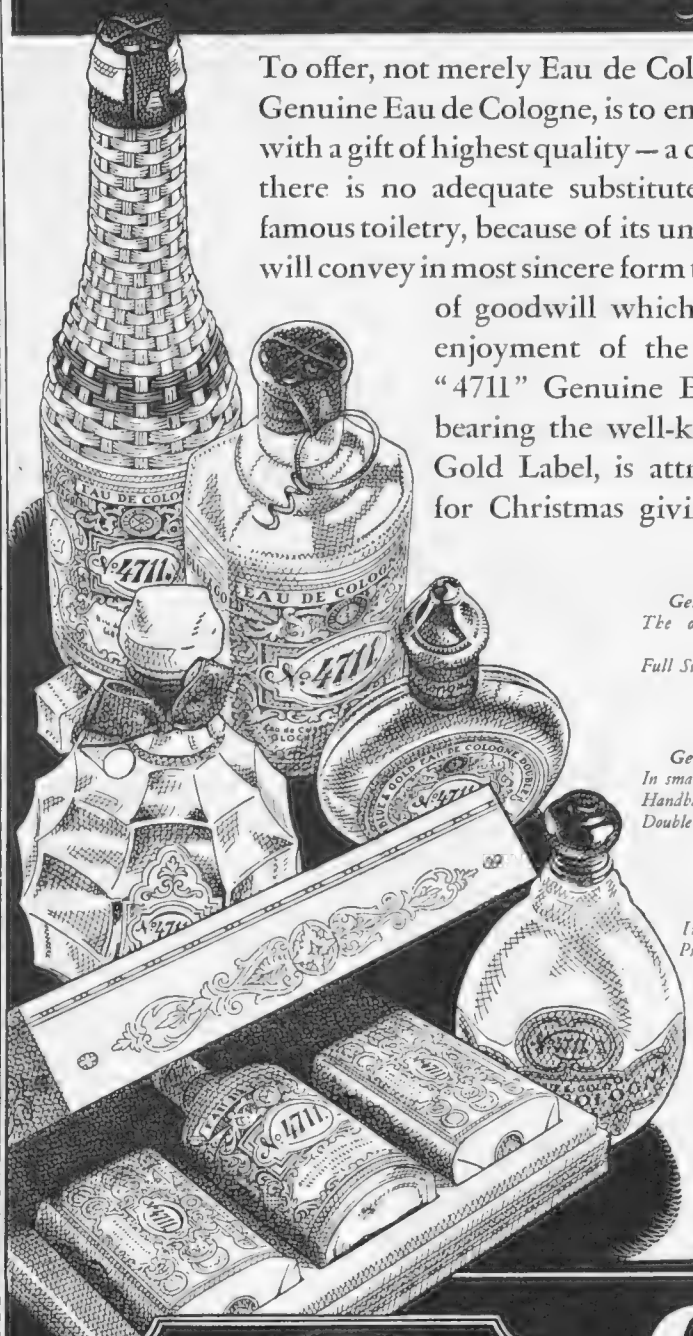

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The Editor's Box

Ski-Heil Again!

Another piece of advice from THE BYSTANDER to its winter, sporting readers is to add to their library *Alpine Sports*, 1932-1933 the handbook of Alpine Sports, Ltd. Every sort of information is contained therein: the price of railway tickets to Swiss and Austrian centres, terms offered by various hotels, which have been scaled down to balance the pound at its present rate, particulars of the chief centres and the clubs which operate from them, descriptions of scenery and the different types of country and slopes, illustrations of rinks and ski-runs, and details of ski-racing competitions. The question of hotels is dealt with very fully, and a page of hints as to equipment is very helpful.

Economy parties and novice parties are organised by this firm and are here described, also ski-ing tours in Austria, and suggestions as to less well-known centres for those who like to get off the beaten track and the too-well-trodden snows.

The booking department of Alpine Sports, Ltd. has been transferred from Endsleigh Gardens to Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, and all arrangements for hotel accommodation and railway journeys can be made at that address, either by correspondence or by personal interview. Advice on every conceivable subject connected with winter sports is given by famous experts, among whom are numbered Mr. Arnold Lunn, Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh, and Mr. G. L. Samuelson.

Some Harrogate News

Preparations for Christmas and New Year entertaining at Harrogate are well on the way. The foresight of those who organise the various seasons at the northern Spa (and Harrogate is always in season) is echoed by the foresight of would-be visitors in making their plans for the holiday week, or it may be weeks for the lucky ones, and reserving their accommodation early. Hotel and hydro bookings already indicate that Christmas at Harrogate will be more amusing and fashionable than ever.

And so it is with the winter season as a whole. None of the hotels are closing this year, and the Royal Baths and Pump Rooms will be open all winter, and on Sunday mornings, too, so that the week-end-cure clientele can go on with the health-giving work.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS (SALADE DE ROCHELLE)
CONSOMMÉ
COQUILLES DE HOMARD
FAISAN À LA PRINCESSE
NOUGATS À LA CRÊME
LAITANCES DE HARENG
CAFÉ DESERT

Hors d'Œuvres Variés (Salade de Rochelle)

WASH a couple of heads of celery and dry them. Cut the stalks into three-inch lengths and place them in a bowl mixed with the whites of three hard-boiled eggs, pass through a wire sieve, then pour over a pint of sauce tartare. Sprinkle over this, first, the powdered yolks of eggs and then three finely shred truffles (or chopped olives if preferred).

Coquilles de Homard

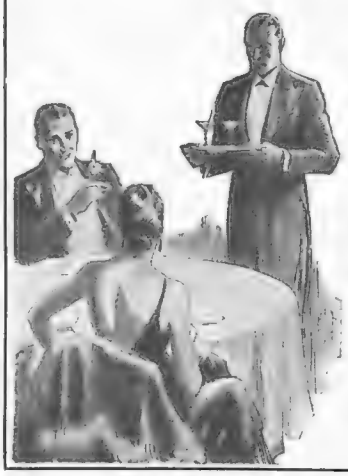
CHOP the lobster fine, with a small piece of parsley and shallot. Then make some melted butter of flour, butter, one tablespoonful of milk and one of cream, and a little anchovy sauce; mix with lobster and put it back into the shells, sprinkle some breadcrumbs over the top, and place a few lumps of butter on each piece. Put into the oven and bake until thoroughly hot.

Faisan à la Princesse

FILL a pheasant with oyster force-meat, then wrap in buttered muslin and braise, carefully basting it well from time to time. When done, remove the bird and keep it hot on the dish on which it is going to be served. Then skim off the fat from the stock in which it was cooked, add half a pint of cream and thicken with flour and butter. Just before removing it from the stove add a spoonful of chopped parsley and pour over the pheasant.

Nougats à la Crême

CREAM 6 oz. of fresh butter, stir in 8 oz. of grated chocolate and mix well; line some plain dariole moulds with the mixture rather thickly, leaving a hole in the middle. Let them stand in a cool place for a day. Turn out by dipping them in warm water and running a knife round the sides; roll in desiccated cocoanut and fill with pink and white whipped cream.



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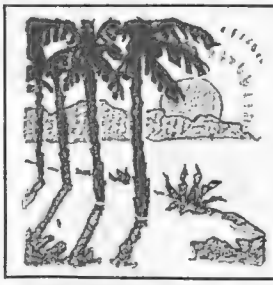

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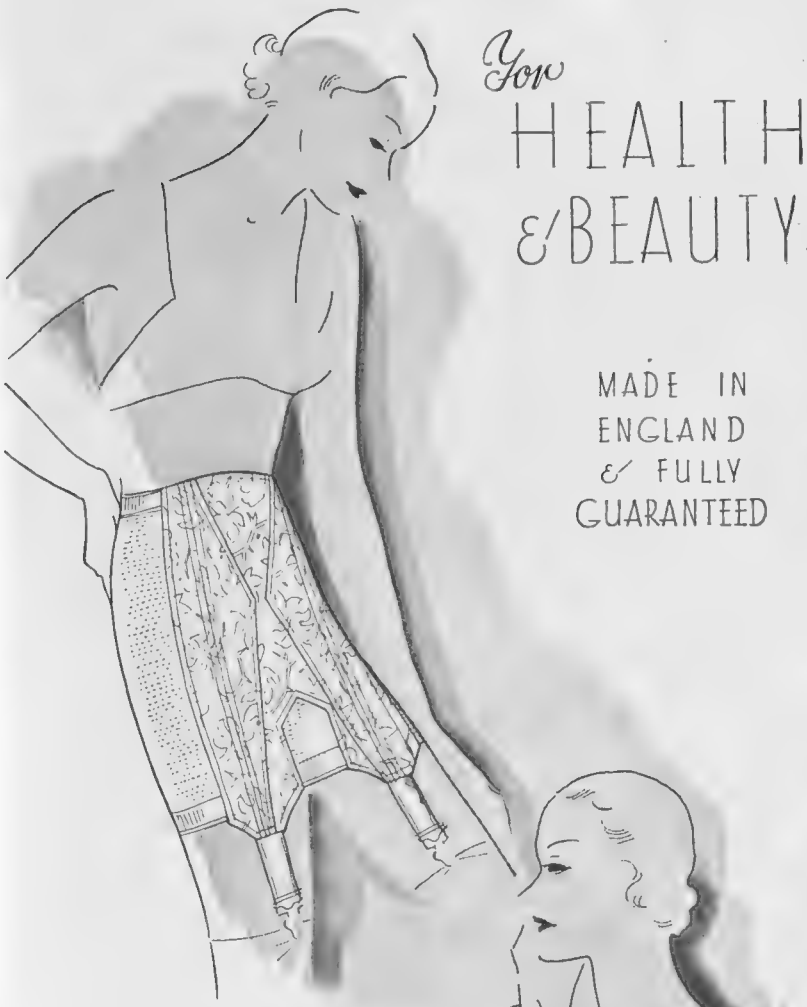

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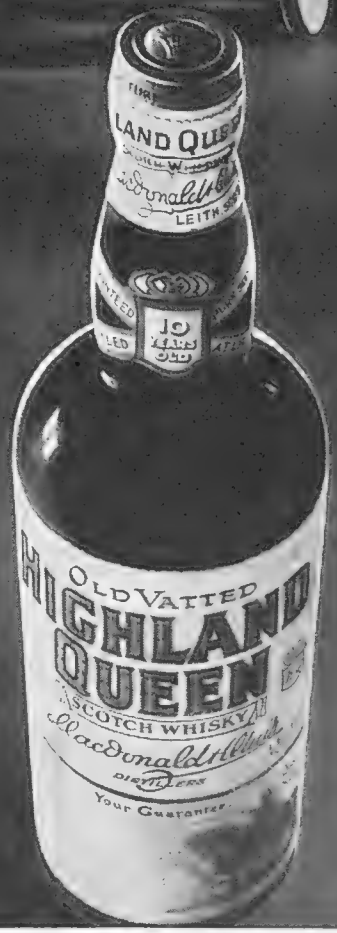

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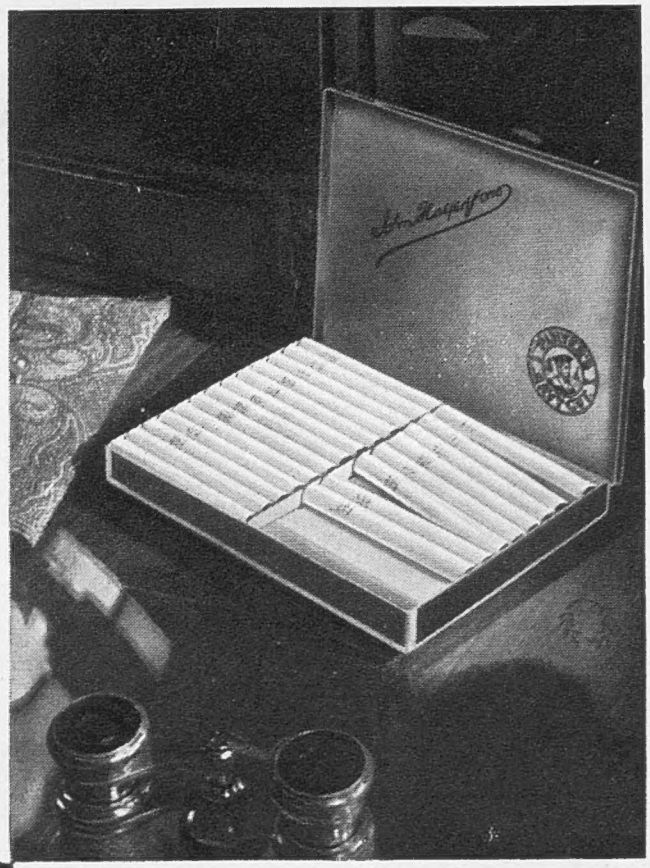

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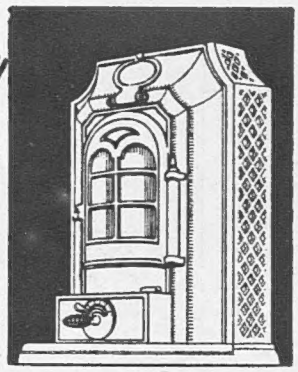

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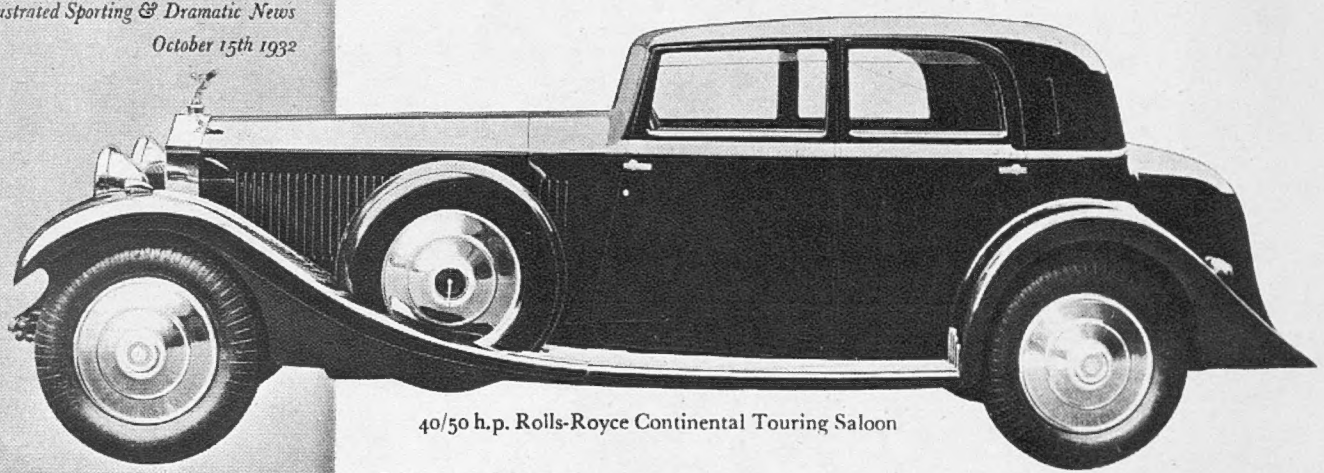

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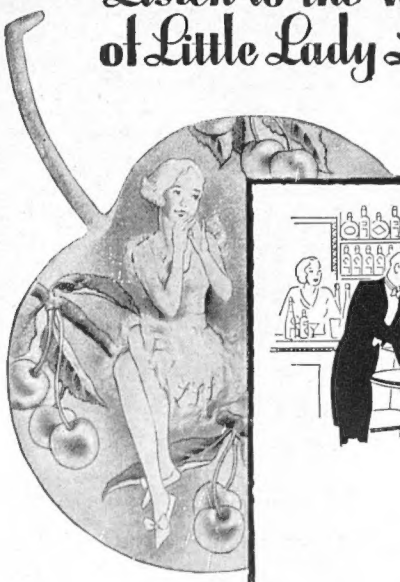

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